McKean County Miner.

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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor
SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4 1904.
VOL. XLI. NO. 5

MURDEROUSLY ASSAULTED AND ROBBED

Elmer Schobert Found On Roadside Early Sunday Morning.

MAY DIE FROM INJURIES.

His Head Terribly Cut and Skull Fractured.

JAS. LYNCH PLACED UNDER ARREST.

Hearing Set for This Afternoon—Schobert's Watch and Money Gone—Found by Carl Hector

Elmer Schobert was found early Sunday morning on Howard street about forty or fifty feet south of King street, in a semi-conscious condition, after having been murderously assaulted and robbed by some highwayman.

As Carl Hector, a young man, who lives in the west end of town, was going home at about 3:30 Sunday morning he saw a man lying in the snow at the side of the road. Upon closer examination he found that it was Elmer Schobert, a neighbor, and that he was seriously injured. All around the unfortunate man the snow was red with his life's blood and he was still bleeding from a terrible gash on the back of his head. Hector assisted Schobert to his feet and half carried him to his home which was only a short distance away, and medical aid was summoned.

Schobert recognized Hector when he came upon him, but he was not able to give any particulars of the assault further than to say someone had come up behind him, struck him a heavy blow on the head with something and then taken his watch and money. The sum of money is supposed to be something between five and ten dollars.

His wounds were dressed by Dr. McCoy and over thirty stitches were necessary to close up the long three-cornered gash on his head.

He remained in this half conscious condition until Tuesday, when it was decided that the small fracture of his skull was causing the trouble. Drs. McCoy and Brown performed a trepanning operation and, although he has rallied from the shock of the operation, his condition is still considered very serious and his chances for recovery doubtful.

At first it was supposed that the assault had been committed by some tramp and that he probably would never be captured. However, Constable Jones commenced an investigation of the case and on Tuesday he swore out a warrant for James Lynch, who is employed in the quarries of Elisha K. Kane, about two miles west of town. That afternoon Lynch was placed under arrest and lodged in jail to await hearing which was set for yesterday before Justice Knapp. However, the condition of Schobert was such yesterday that the hearing was postponed until this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

We are unable to learn what evidence Constable Jones has against Lynch but he says he has enough to warrant his arrest but does not care to disclose what it is until the case appears before the justice. One thing has been made public and that is that red spots were found on Lynch's coat, which are pronounced blood spots.

Schobert and Lynch were around town Saturday evening and it is reported both had been drinking some. About 11:30 they started home in company with Bradley Iddings and Thomas McDermott. The latter two were behind Lynch and Schobert until they reached their homes, which are in the vicinity of the place where the tragedy occurred and they say both seemed to be on friendly terms, and as they were bowing it was supposed that they were the best of friends, but whether they were or not will be better known after the hearing this afternoon.

This morning Schobert was somewhat better to-day and it is now thought he will recover.

More Cold Weather.

Monday night and Tuesday morning the thermometer was dancing around twenty degrees below zero and a raw wind made the weather seem almost as severe as when it was forty-two degrees below zero four weeks ago. Tuesday it moderated enough to give us a heavy fall of snow and that evening the high winds made travel almost unendurable. As a result nearly all trains in and out of Smethport were from two to four hours late yesterday. This morning was another severe one. If this weather keeps on this will the winter of all winters to go down in history for roughness and severe cold weather.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Who has not heard the question, "What became of Morgan," asked a thousand and one times? Some foolish people think he was murdered by the Masons, whose secrets he is said to have exposed. This idea is refuted in the following narrative as related by a "Captain" of a company of Western Explorers at Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the fall of 1870:

A party of Apaches, while lying in ambush one day in the latter part of December, 1826, in Chihuahua, Mexico, on the Rio Grande, across the river from what is now the town of El Paso, Texas, watching a traveling cavalcade as it passed a clump of small trees, saw one of the number spring from his horse into the dense chapparal and disappear from the view of the horsemen. The cavalcade fired a few shots at or towards him and a half dozen of them dismounted and pursued in the direction he took, but to no avail. The escaping man ran directly towards where the Apaches lay in the bushes and ran into their midst. They seized and bound him, mounted and lashed him to a horse and at once took flight. They traveled toward the Apache chief town by a circuitous and concealed route and reached it after six days' travel.

The prisoner was much alarmed at first, but finding that his death was not immediate he seemed to put his mind to studying out some plan of escape, but they kept him securely bound till they arrived in camp. Then they decided to keep him until a grand fete day, some months ahead, and then put him through the gauntlet and end his life in a grand carnival. He was for some time as restless as a captive bear, walked up and down his small enclosure and talked to himself incessantly. But before the day arrived for his taking off—this is the captain's term, not the Indian's—he had become somewhat resigned to his captivity, had learned something of the Apache language and gave them something of his history. They got interested in him and promised to give him his life in return for his solemn promise that he would never attempt to escape. He married the chief's daughter and on the death of the chief became chief himself. He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son became chief in his turn and is the chief who is the subject of our story.

The white chief taught them, while among them, the secrets of the Great Spirit and these secrets have enabled them to make the Apaches the strongest tribe in the West; to pass through the country of the white man in safety everywhere; to obtain information of their enemies and their movements always, and from their very enemies themselves; and, by pass words and signs, to know an enemy or a friend as far as seen. They always have kept and still keep one of their educated half breeds in the camp of the whites and by the secrets of this great society he is always able to keep them informed of every movement of any kind and of every plan of attack on them as soon as that plan is known to the chiefs of the enemy themselves. And when captured they are almost always sure to effect an escape, released by some member of the society among the enemy.

The great white chief told them that the society extended all over the world; taught them all the ceremonies connected with it; taught their maidens to make the badges and insignia worn by the initiated and on certain days, the 24th day of June and some others, they walked in procession and held a grand dance at night. They believed him to be the son of the Great Spirit. He is buried at the Golden Mountain and his grave is walled and covered with gold and is their sacred place of worship. They gather now every year on the 24th of June.

This great white chief told them that he was "nioons" (months) on his journey from his starting point; that he was taken prisoner in Batavia, N. Y., and from there taken to and confined in Fort Niagara in the latter part of September of the same year in which he came to the Apache country.

The reason of his imprisonment was on account of his going to publish a book divulging the secrets of the great society. He was kept prisoner at Fort Niagara till September 19, when he was taken in a close carriage and driven, via Buffalo, N. Y., to Hennepin, Ill., on the Illinois river, and thence taken in a flat boat to the Mississippi river, down which he floated to New Orleans. There he was placed on a vessel and sailed to the mouth of the Rio Grande river and proceeded up that river on horseback to El Paso, where the Apaches found him. His captors intended to give him into the hands of some Jesuit priests among the Indians near where they captured him. His captors passed down through Mexico and escaped. That great white chief was the man supposed to have been murdered by the Masons, William Morgan, and the subject of this story, his son, Cochise.

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MET DEATH IN A FIRE.

Frank McCabe and Cal. Rippenberger Burned to Death.

BOTH THE BODIES BADLY CHARRED.

McCabe was a Former Smethport Man—His Remains Brought Here for Burial.

The Bradford Era of Monday gives the following account of this terrible accident:

"Frank McCabe, a woodsman, of Griffiths, and Calvin Rippenberger, a well known local character, were burned to death in a fire which destroyed the home of the latter's sister, Carrie Carns, at No. 4 Railroad street, in the Whitechapel district, about 7 o'clock Saturday evening. The Carns woman was also painfully burned about the face and hands in attempting to rescue the men from the burning structure. The trio had been drinking and at the time of the conflagration were intoxicated, which accounts for the loss of the two lives.

"During the afternoon the men had been about the city drinking at various places, and returned to the Carns domicile shortly after 6 o'clock. McCabe laid upon a bed in the little one-and-a half story house, and Rippenberger went to assist his sister in preparing supper. Several sticks of wood were placed in the stove and Rippenberger, already angered because the meal was not in readiness, emptied the contents of a can of kerosene upon the fuel. A lighted match was then applied to the oil and in an instant the whole room was ablaze. Rippenberger, stupid from drink, staggered back to the side of his now unconscious companion, and all efforts of the Carns woman to warn them of their danger, or rescue them, were fruitless.

"The woman's screams were heard by neighbors, but before an alarm of fire could be turned in the entire building was a mass of flames. Nearly 1,000 feet of hose had to be laid to the structure and before the work was accomplished the debauch of the two men had ended in death. A gruesome feature of the fatality occurred shortly after the firemen reached the scene. The flames had entirely burned one side of the building, exposing for a few minutes the room and bed containing the inanimate bodies of McCabe and Rippenberger. The former was lying at full length on the bed and Rippenberger was in a half reclining position.

"A stream of water was immediately turned on the apartment, but before the firemen could reach the unfortunate creatures they were both burned and charred beyond recognition. The bodies were removed to Lane's undertaking rooms, after being viewed by Coroner Hall, and were prepared for burial."

Frank McCabe was born in Keating township 55 years ago and was the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCabe. He always followed the lumbering business and for the past few years has resided at Griffiths with his wife and family, who survive him, together with his aged mother who lives on the old homestead, two sisters, Miss Maria, who lives with her mother, Mrs. John Ragan of Sagertown, Pa., four brothers, James, who lives on the homestead, John of Sultana, Wash., and Leo and Ambrose, who are in the mercantile business in Erie, Pa.

Mr. McCabe was an industrious, honest and hard working man and had many friends among his wide acquaintance who will deeply regret his sad death. He was a periodical tippler and when under the influence of liquor was not careful of the company he kept. He went to Bradford on Friday and "fell in" with Rippenberger who was bound to stick to him as long as McCabe's money lasted and therefore had taken him home, where the catastrophe occurred.

The remains were brought to Smethport Sunday evening and the funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's Catholic church at 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and his remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

The Adelphi Banquet.

The boys of the Adelphi gave a banquet to the girls of the Atheneum and Sorority societies in the halls of the school house last Friday evening. Many games were played in the early part of the evening and at 10:15 covers were laid for the great feast which was one of the best. The chefs, B. Eckert and Al. Heath, did themselves proud. Ken. Mayo acted as toastmaster and between the first and second courses the following toasts were given: "The Freshmen," by Maud Heath; "The Sophomores," by Sidney Burdick; "The Juniors," by Lois Green; "The Seniors," by Mazie Gleisner; "The Sorority," by Alice Daly; "The Atheneum," by Elsie Sherer; "The Adelphi," by Harry Sasse. This happy banquet broke up at 12:30 a. m.

Beat 'em 730 Pins.

A thirteen-man team from the Bradford Commercial Travelers' bowling club rolled a series of three games with a like number of Smethport bowlers on J. C. Backus' alleys last Friday evening. The teams were made up as follows:

Bradford—F. L. Lydell, W. M. Kincaid, R. E. Scott, E. N. Havill, J. W. Rickenbrode, W. H. McKay, W. D. Singleton, Merton Barton, Ray Hyde, J. Pierson, G. M. Brooks, C. B. Sage and E. C. Tanner.

Smethport—T. H. Purdie, Dr. John Clark, Ward Means, J. G. Hoffman, W. H. Morrison, S. E. Bell, J. C. Backus, George Sackett, Jake Neipling, W. F. Specht, M. A. Keefer, Luther Johnson and N. H. Knapp.

The Smethport contingent rolled big rings around the visitors, winning each of the three games and leading in the totals by 730 pins. Score by games:

	1st	2d	3d	T'tl
Smethport	2067	1842	2069	5918
Bradford	1645	1713	1830	5188
	362	129	239	730

After the contest the visitors were escorted to the Imperial where they partook of a most delectable spread such as Landlord Bacon is noted for providing, the Lyceum orchestra meanwhile playing melodious accompaniment to the rattling of the knives and forks, the popping of the pop bottles, etc.

The Commercial Travelers are a jolly lot of gentlemen whom we would be delighted to again entertain.

The Edwards Stock Co.

The ever welcome Edwards Stock Co., which opens a 3 nights and Saturday matinee engagement, commencing on Thursday, Feb. 4th, at the Lyceum, is without doubt one of the strongest repertoire companies on the road. They come to us well recommended from other cities where they have played successful engagements. Manager Carlton has spared neither pains nor money to have his attraction classed with the big city shows, and with that end in view has engaged the young, romantic actor, Mr. Chester Bishop, supported by a company of sterling players. The opening bill will be the beautiful melodrama "The Bondman, or Land of the Midnight Sun," using special scenery and costumes. High class vaudeville introduced between the acts, making it a continuous performance. A specially adapted version of "Cinderella" at the matinee Saturday. Truly a dollar show for 15, 25 and 35c. Change of play nightly. Ladies will be admitted on the opening night for 15 cents to the best reserved seats if purchased at the reserved seat sale before 5 p. m. to-day.

A Lively Scrap.

A lively scrap occurred at the Pennsylvania depot in East Smethport about noon Monday in which the members of the All Nations Medicine Show company were the participants. A big burly fellow, who probably takes the role of some Wild West terror, commenced abusing those who were handling baggage and when his manner became too overbearing the manager handed him one, knocking him down. He then turned his abuse on the smallest member of the company, but the little fellow was game and he gave the big brute several short-arm jabs. Seeing that he was no match for his smaller adversary the "Terror" attempted to use a weapon, but the little fellow was game and vanquished his big foe properly. Constable Jones, who informed the writer of the incident, said he supposed it was his duty to stop the fight, but as the big fellow was getting what he so richly deserved he did not interfere.

Wreck on the Shawmut.

A bad wreck occurred at about 12:40 p. m. yesterday on the Shawmut road in East Olean. The train leaving Olean for Bolivar and consisting of two freight cars and a combination express and passenger car left the rails except the engine. The drawhead between the engine and the first car broke and after running on the ties for 100 feet or more, all three cars went into the ditch. There were four passengers on the train and of these only one was badly hurt. He is A. E. Brandin of Allentown, N. Y. His nose and left wrist were badly cut. In the express part of the combination car were four of the train crew and Express Messenger H. J. Thayer. The latter received an injury to his right hip and Brakeman John Connors had his nose cut open. Conductor Hathaway received a bad cut on his forehead.—Wednesday's Bradford Star.

Mrs. F. B. Lehentaler has decided to start a class in music in Smethport. She is a very efficient teacher who has had a great deal of experience. She now has large classes in Mt. Jewett and other nearby towns. She will teach privately at the home of scholars if desired. For full particulars inquire at this office or address Box 76, Smethport.

Gold Shaft Chimes.

Swedish strapped bells, graduated string bells and sleigh bells of all kinds. Prices the lowest.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Lemmler's is headquarters for robes and blankets as usual. The quality and prices will suit you.

THROAT CUT ON WIRE FENCE.

Martin Burns Seriously Injured Last Friday Afternoon.

WAS THROWN OUT OF HIS SLEIGH.

Found Unconscious at Roadside—Is Improving and Will Recover.

Martin Burns, aged about 65 years, and an old resident of Keating township, had a very narrow escape from being killed while driving from this place to his home in Irish Hollow last Friday afternoon. Mr. Burns started for home about 4 o'clock and when going around cemetery hill he lost control of his spirited horse and the cutter was overturned, throwing him onto the barbed wire fence on the lower side of the road. The overturning of the sleigh frightened the animal and he started to run, dragging Mr. Burns on the fence.

Someone along the road saw the horse and notified Mrs. McCarty, who was coming to town, to watch out for its owner. When she reached this spot she found Mr. Burns lying beside the fence, unconscious, in a pool of blood. She was unable to aid the prostrate man more than to place him in a more comfortable position so she drove rapidly to town and gave the alarm.

Dr. Hamilton and some others hurried to his assistance and brought the injured man to town for medical aid. An examination showed that the horse had gone out of the road and when the sleigh runner struck an old log it was overturned and Mr. Burns was thrown on the fence so that his neck rested on the top wire and in this manner he was dragged six or eight feet until his head struck a post which threw him to the ground and rendered him unconscious. The barbs caught in the left side of his neck and cut a deep and ragged gash from the point of his chin to about an inch and a half behind the ear. Two or three large arteries were severed and the big jugular vein was missed by a very narrow margin. He bled profusely and it seems almost miraculous that, being injured in this comparatively lonesome place, he was found in time to prevent his bleeding to death.

His wounds were dressed by Dr. Hamilton and he was placed on a cot and was taken to his home that evening where he is recovering rapidly. The doctor says that had the cut been a clean one he would certainly have bled to death before assistance reached him.

"Only a Printer."

"He is only a printer." Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. Who was Prince Edward William and Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenberg were printers, and the Emperor of China worked in a private printing office almost every day. William Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What was J. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron, Schuyler Colfax? Printers all, and practical ones. Mark Twain, Amos J. Cummings, Bret Harte, William Dean Howells, Joe Chandler Harris and Opie P. Read were plain, practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb of Kansas and James J. Hogg, ex-Governor of Texas, were all printers, and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a "jour" printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found in large cities and towns. It is not everyone that can be a printer, brains are absolutely necessary.—Century Magazine.

Death of Ellen Quirk.

Miss Ellen Quirk died at her home in Irish Hollow, Keating township, on Sunday last at an advanced age. Miss Quirk was born in Ireland and when a young lady came to this country with her family. Some forty years ago she entered the employ of Hon. Byron D. Hamlin and from that time up to the past few years she remained with the family and had charge of the house. For a few years past she has resided with relatives in Keating township.

Miss Quirk was a woman possessed of sweet disposition and a kindly nature which made her many friends. She was a devout member of the Catholic church and was always an active worker for the cause.

The funeral services were held at St. Elizabeth's church Tuesday morning and her remains were laid at rest in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

F. G. Lindholm & Co. are offering great bargains in men's union made shoes all this month.

D. K. Seltzer, veterinary surgeon, of Wellsville, N. Y., will be in Smethport from Feb. 6 to 9.

Killed in Bradford.

Charles W. Hall, a yard conductor for the Erie Railway Company, while engaged in switching cars yesterday afternoon near the Hilton street crossing, received injuries which resulted in his death at 7 o'clock last evening at the Bradford hospital.

No person who saw the accident and the exact manner in which Hall came to his death cannot be definitely stated. At the time of the occurrence passenger coaches were being switched about in the yards. Hall was riding on the platform of one of the cars and it is believed that in jumping to the ground he slipped and fell headlong toward the track. In some manner he managed to catch hold of one of the guard irons of the coach, but after being dragged a short distance was unable to maintain his grasp, and fell with his body and right arm partially across the rail. The framework of the trucks is supposed to have struck him in the back and a wheel passed over his arm, crushing it to a pulp.

The deceased was aged 29 years and had resided in Bradford since he was 6 years old. He had been identified with the Erie road for about 10 years and was one of the most steady and reliable men in the service of the company, commanding the respect of employer and employes alike. He is survived by his widow and three children.—Saturday's Era.

Cream Snow.

An unusual phenomenon occurred yesterday in and about Bradford, says last night's Star. Few persons ever saw a cream-colored snow storm before. The half-inch of snow fall gave the landscape a cream that was as distinctive in color from the snow beneath it, as ordinary cream is from the milk underneath. The discoloration was caused, according to the statement of a learned man in this city, by the snow crystals being formed in a stratum of air charged with smoke. The smoke particles were imprisoned in the crystals giving a cloudiness to the whole instead of being caught on the outside of the flake as would have been the case had the already formed crystals passed through a stratum charged with smoke. To prove the statement our authority carefully gathered about two quarts of the colored snow with a spoon, melted it and permitted it to settle in a clear glass tumbler. About one-sixteenth of an inch of soot was deposited on the bottom.

Glass Factories Closed.

A Pittsburg dispatch of Tuesday says: Fires have been drawn at the window glass factories of the D. O. Cunninghams Glass Co. and Cunninghams & Co. on the South Side, and for the first time in 108 years no window glass will be made in Pittsburg this season, unless some arrangement is made between the manufacturers and their workers. The firms mentioned proposed to start on a reduction of about 43 per cent. from the Philadelphia scale and the men refused to consider the proposition. With the going into bankruptcy of the firm of S. McKee & Co. last week, and the previous closing of its plants on the South Side by the American Window Glass Co., the industry which had made that district famous for over a century, practically ceases to exist.

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred and one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At H. C. Wells's.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 30, 1904:

Miss Effie Brains, A. G. Cunningham, Miss Alice Clarke, Mrs. Henry Dyer, Will Dodson, J. L. Ford, Bert V. Kincaid, H. B. Milard, John Negrotto, Miss Tiffell.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office, two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Good Sledding.

We have 4 Michigan Pattern, knuckle wood sleds of our own make, strongest and most durable sled made.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

A new line of robes and blankets has just arrived at my store. The variety is large and I give the best value for the money. Every article is guaranteed.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LONE DOG'S NEW AGENT

By F. B. Wright

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure.

Brainard was the new agent's name, and he was slight and young looking and curly headed. The N. W. and M. had appointed him station agent at Lone Dog because no one else would take the job.

Lone Dog resented Brainard's apparent youth, his cleanliness and his sobriety, the last two constituting the height of eccentricity in Lone Dog, and four nights after his arrival whirled in to have fun with the "kid tenderfoot." It was harmless fun enough. But the boy—he was little more—did not understand it and grew angry, then sullen and then scared, to the great delight of the circle of grinning cowboys lounging under the station lamp. They made the boy tell them of the east; they made him speak pieces, dance and sing; then, the fun flagging, some ingeniously inclined gentlemen had rifled his shabby little trunk and held its contents up for derision.

"Gents," cried a bandy legged individual in "chaps" and sombrero, jumping on to the one ink stained table and holding up a photograph to the audience—"gents, I wants to call your attention to the most unparalleled and stupendous curiosity ever found in these yere parts—a genuwine picter of a gal and a mighty fine gal too. None of these yere biscuit shooters, this ain't, but the real article; only needs to be seen to be appreciated. In order to avoid a rumpus over this yere work of art I'm going to give you all a chanst at it. What do you bid for it? Come high, boys, for the honor of Lone Dog."

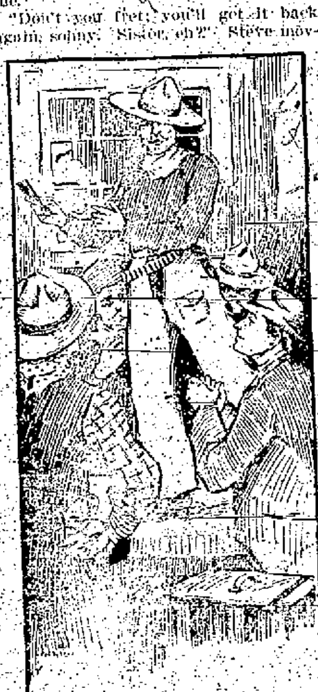
The idea caught the crowd. There were cries of "Hand it around, Bud!" "The kid's gal, you say?" "Durned if I ain't forgot what a woman looks like. I ain't seen one since last roundup!" And amid a chorus of comment and suggestion the bidding went on.

At last it was knocked down to Steve Oliver of the — X ranch outfit, the price being drinks for the crowd.

"Who is it, kid?" said Steve when he returned to his place against the wall.

"It's—it's—my sister," answered the boy, coloring. "Please give it back to me."

"Don't you fret; you'll get it back again, sonny. Sister, eh?" Steve moved over toward the one lamp and studied the picture, while the other men turned to fresh devices.



"HAND IT AROUND, BUD!"

These consisted in making the boy drink. He didn't seem to be cheerful enough, they said.

The boy refused and then after many threats touched his lips gingerly to a bottle and choked.

"I can't," he said, coughing and spluttering.

"You don't pass out like that," growled the owner of the bottle. "You drink!"

"I can't," said young Brainard, "and I won't."

"Says 'shan't' and 'won't' just like a sure enough man," commented his tormentor. "Well, you've got to. We don't like prohibitioners around here. They ain't popular." The man twisted his hand in the collar of the boy's blue shirt as he spoke, but the boy tore away, sprang across the room and pulled a pistol. For a moment it looked as if the comedy were about to change to tragedy, and then the boy's arm was knocked up and the gun wrenched from his trembling hand. It was the cowboy who had bought the picture.

"You're too old to play with them things, sonny," he said quietly, "and too young to get shot." Then he turned to the others. "I don't know how you feel, boys," he said, "but I don't reckon I keer for no more fun tonight—at least this here kind. Playin' with children is mighty comical, but they're liable to git too familious to suit me. I move we pull our freight to the saloon. The drinks are on me."

It was, on the whole, a good natured crowd, and Steve was popular, wherefore it took the hint and its ponies and departed whooping.

An hour later Steve returned. The lamp was out, and he was about to ride along when he heard the sound of sobbing from the dark interior of the station.

"Holy smoke! They don't breed men where he comes from, that's sure," said he, dismounting and going to the door. He moved toward the sound and made out the boy crouching beside a bench, his face in his hands. At the jar of heavy footsteps the boy started, but Steve laid a kindly hand on his shoulder. "There, sonny, don't take on like that when there ain't no reason. The boys was just playin'. They didn't mean no harm unless you'd pulled that trigger."

"I'd have killed him," sobbed the boy, "if he'd touched me again!"

Steve chuckled. "He was safe enough, kid. It was the rest of us you had scared. It was plumb ridiculous."

The boy apparently did not see the comicality of the situation, for he continued crying softly, while Steve looked on, powerless to help. A crying man was something new in his philosophy.

"Look here, kid," he said at last, "why did you come here anyway? You're mighty young and inexperienced for this here strenuous life."

"I had to. This was the only place I could get."

"Ain't you got no kin?"

"They are all dead."

"Your sister—she ain't, is she?"

"My sister? What sister? What do you mean?"

"The sister whose picture the boys was admirin' of."

"Oh, she? She's living."

There was a long pause. "She's a right purty gal," said Steve. "I've been studyin' that picture. She certainly favors you a heap—that is, if she has yaller hair, like yourn. Has she?"

"Yes," returned the boy. "It's just the color of mine."

"I reckoned so. Long, I bet, and curly. I knowed it. What's her name?"

"Er—Jessie."

"Jessie?" Steve pondered over the name as if to see if it would fit his preconceived notions. "You'll be having her on here soon, I reckon, won't you? I'm powerful anxious to come up with your sister."

The boy gave a queer little laugh, which changed to a sigh.

"I guess not now," he said, "after what's happened. I must go away—go back. I ought never to have come. I didn't see it before. Oh, you can't understand," he cried. "I don't want to go. I haven't any situation nor money nor friends!" He broke down, sobbing again.

"And run away from nothing. The boys ain't goin' to do no harm. I'll see you don't get messed with too much."

"But when you ain't here what would happen? Oh, if you hadn't been here tonight! No; there's no way but for me to leave."

Steve shifted uneasily in his chair. "This here sister of yours," he said at last, "do you reckon now she'd marry me if I could git to ask her?" He stopped the boy as he was about to speak. "Just keep quiet, sonny, and let me bark a spell. I've been doing a lot of thinkin' since I come here this evening, and it's been about her. I've been driftin' around these parts for the last ten years and more, ever since I was half as young as you, getting into scrapes and out of 'em, riding the ranges, roundin' up, fightin' when I had to, drinkin' and gamblin' and shootin' up a town just like all men does out here without there's a woman to hold 'em steady, and tonight when I see your sister's picture it come across me that I wanted to settle down, and I wanted her to help me. That's why I don't want you to go away, kid, for if you do I won't git no chance to see her and ask her. Do you reckon she'd look at me, kid?"

The boy said nothing for a moment, while Steve watched him anxiously. The dawn was just breaking over the plains, and a pale light came through the dirty windows of the station.

"I—I haven't any sister," said the boy huskily at last. "I lied to you, but you've been too good to me, and I can't keep it up. I—the picture—it's me. I'm—oh, can't you see—I'm a girl!" "A girl! I'll—" Steve didn't finish the sentence. He rose and went to the window and looked out on the faint gray green of the sagebrush. Brainard continued as if in defense: "I had to do it. I helped my brother in the station at home and learned to telegraph. Then he died, and no one had any work for a girl—at least work I could do. Then I thought I would come west, dressed as a man, and I got this job, and now—now you know why I've got to go back."

Steve turned and came to the side of the girl. "You ain't got to go back, and you ain't a-goin'—not if I can help it. I might have known you was a woman, only I didn't know women had such grit. Look here, kid—I mean—that is—"

"Jessie was my sister's name," said the girl, with a little laugh.

"Well, I'm rough, and I don't deserve no such gal as you, Jessie, but there's a heap of men git what they don't deserve, and I ain't so mighty bad. You say you kin telegraph. Well, you sit down then to that ticker and do some telegraphin' for me, one up the line for a new agent for Lone Dog Station and one to Prairie City for a parson. And tell 'em I give 'em until tomorrow mornin' to git here on the first train," added Steve Oliver, with emphasis.

Her Reproof.

Two mischievous boys in the school were laughing uproariously over some slight mistake one of the pupils had made in translation. The teacher looked at them resignedly for a few minutes and then remarked quietly:

"If anything really funny should ever happen in this class, I fear that Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones would require the services of a physician."—New York Times.

Publicity Has Its Disadvantages.

"You weather prophets make a great many mistakes," said the man who sneers.

"Yes," answered the observer, "and if other people had all their mistakes published in the daily papers as we do I suspect that our record would seem pretty good."—Washington Star.

Two of His Strong Points.

The Young Man—I don't take any credit to myself for being able to spell better than other people can. Spelling is a gift.

Miss Snappeigh—You acquired your modesty, I presume, by diligent application.—Chicago Tribune.

ANTS KIDNAP THEIR FOES.

Raid Neighboring Villages and Carry Off Many Prisoners.

Dr. H. C. McCook tells of a species of kidnaping ants which make organized attacks on other ant villages for the purpose of capturing slaves. Here is an account of the attack:

"At last the muster is complete. Mysteriously, but effectively, the signal 'Forward!' is given, and the column moves from the hill. There is no regular alignment, but a show of solidarity, a holding of the ranks within close compass and touch—a 'front step,' in fact. There is no general; there are no subordinate officers, but such is the sympathetic unity that they seem to move in response to one will and command. If every warrior is a law unto himself the law so binds and animates and compels all alike that the ends of an organized cohort are served.

"Assault, battle and pillage follow quickly upon the sortie. The objective point of the march is not far away. A hundred yards distant is a Fuscan village. The route thereto lies across the edge of a grove, over a footpath, along a fallen tree, under whose shelter and shaded by tufts of grass is the devoted commune. It is feeble in numbers, and there is a bare show of defense as the freebooters hurl themselves upon the hill and plunge into the open gates. The villagers flee at the first onset through unassailed or secret passages. Some run the gauntlet through the assailing ranks. All who can carry a part of the family treasures—eggs, larvæ and pupæ. Like their Brobdingnagian brothers of the human race, when disaster befalls their first care is for their offspring. The fugitives mount into nearby clumps of low wood plants, whence they look down upon the devastation of their homes—with what feelings? For one must suppose that the midgets do feel, though sometimes he would fain hope otherwise.

"Meanwhile the invaders issue from the gates, bearing in their jaws the Fuscan young and occasionally an adult. They take the home trail, but not in ordered ranks. It is go as you please now. They are welcomed back by their black confederates, who receive the captives and take them—their very own sisters perhaps—into the domestic quarters. The soldiers hurry back to the scene of action, for their work is not yet finished."—Harper's Magazine.

THE MODEL GUEST.

He Knows Just When, What and How to Do or Not to Do.

A really fine specimen of the guest who does his best has a spirit which cannot be broken by weather or weariness. He can manage to talk to any one, even if he should discover with a shock that he is sitting next to his worst enemy. He knows how to come into any discussion and how to keep out of it. He does not seek his own amusement, yet he never fails to show that he is amused. He is tolerant of every opinion, and though he may have many convictions of his own and may state them so as to do them justice he never tries to proselytize.

His visit is not a mission, and he never for a moment fancies himself on the hustings, in a debating society, a pulpit or a court of justice. Above all, he has a good opinion of himself. Good wine needs no bush. He has no desire to boast, but he is certain that he will not be slighted. If his hostess assigns to him a dull job he is sure it is because she thought he could do it well, and if he feels it to be really below his powers he takes her mistake into account, not while he is under her roof, but when he next receives her kind invitation. He is not plagued by that craving of the oversensitive to be like their company, nor does he belong to that race of born dissenters who would always rather be different.

But, alas, conscience and talent do not always go together. There are some high principled guests who are terrible bores. In their solicitude to be agreeable they never stop talking, but pursue their garrulous ideal like a dog following a carriage. To every interruption they give immediate but momentary attention and run breathless on.—London Outlook.

Evolution of the Folding Bed.

Mrs. De Flat—Have you anything new in folding beds?

Dealer—Only this, madam, and it really is quite a success. On arising in the morning you touch a spring and it turns into a washstand and bathtub. After your bath you touch another spring, and it becomes a dressing case, with a French plate mirror. If you breakfast in your room, a slight pressure will transform it into an extension table. After breakfast, you press these three buttons at once and you have an upright piano. That's all it will do, except that when you die it can be changed into a rosewood coffin.—New York Weekly.

She Won.

He was a philosopher and a talker. She was a woman of action. They stood together on the bridge and watched a tug that was hauling a long line of barges up the river.

"Look there, my dear," said he. "Such is life. The tug is like the man, working and toiling, while the barges, like the women, are—"

His wife gave him no time to finish the sentence. "I know!" she said. "The tug does all the blowing and the barges bear all the burden."

The Official Time.

Jerrold—As I was saying, I had $50 on Topnotch at 100 to 1. The race was six furlongs and Topnotch won.

Harold—What was the time?

Jerrold—Why—er—I heard the clock strike 2—just as I woke up!—Puck.

To Avoid Publicity.

Young Author (who thinks himself famous)—I believe I should enjoy my vacation better if I could go incognito.

Friend—Good idea! Travel under your nom de plume.—New York Weekly.

Girls have a way of getting a lot of special scenery on when they wait on table at a church social.—Atchison Globe.

BURNING A WIDOW.

The Story of a Witness of This Cruel Indian Custom.

I had the opportunity of seeing a young widow burn herself by the side of her deceased husband. The funeral pile was about ten feet high. In the middle of the pile lay her deceased husband, an old and miserable looking man. The devoted victim was a young creature about seventeen, dressed in white, with all her jewels on. There was a confused noise of singing and shouting, intermixed with the sound of tomtoms and at intervals the hollow and sonorous sound of gongs and trumpets. The priests and her friends crowded round her, all speaking to her at once, apparently to distract her attention and to prevent her shrinking at the last moment from sacrificing herself.

There was a small tank of water close to the funeral pile. They led her to this. I was very near her when I saw her quietly take the jewels from her ears, her nose, unclasp her gold bracelets as well as the bangles from her ankles and every ornament she had on, which were received by her relations.

She then stepped into the water, divested herself of her clothes of pure white and replaced them with clothes of a yellow color. She then performed her ablutions, came out of the water and, unassisted, walked three times round the pile, followed by the priests and her friends, who at this period appeared to be more urgent and loud in their discourse to her to distract her attention. She then, unassisted, mounted the pile, laid herself down by the side of her husband and put his head under her arm, turning herself toward him.

Then they sprinkled large quantities of oil and straw on the pile. The fatal fire was then applied, and amid loud shouts and while the fire reached her I distinctly heard her utter the words "Nirval! Nirval!"

I was very near her during the different parts of the ceremony and could have saved her life by merely touching her, as she would then have been defiled and would not have been permitted to have the honor of sacrificing herself.

But in saving her life I stood the chance of being torn to pieces, and I certainly should have been brought to a court martial for disobedience of orders, for the English in those days were strictly forbidden to meddle with the customs and prejudices of the natives.—Georg Ebers' "Memoirs."

CHILDREN ARE SANE.

But Grownup People, Most of Them, Are More or Less Insane.

There is one disadvantage which is involved in the very nature of education—that is, that we have to assume that grownup people are representative. We have even to go the length of assuming that grownup people are sane. When we talk about encouraging health in children and discouraging morbidity, when we talk of such and such a child being abnormal or interesting or neurotic or a genius, we are all the time taking for granted that we ourselves have attained to what is profoundly and eternal in human nature. But there is at least something that may reasonably be said upon the other side. It may at least very plausibly be maintained that it is children who are, age after age, sane and reliable, and grownup people who are, age after age, more or less fantastic and disconcerting. The great majority of grownup people in any age will be in all probability slightly insane, for since no human philosophy is perfect, and since every human philosophy naturally treats itself as if it were perfect, the chances are in every generation that the majority of educated people will be ecstatically certain of something that is quite untrue. Children, on the other hand, it might be maintained, represent the actual primary and untouched human nature. Whatever agrees with that is sane; whatever disagrees with it is eccentric. Children are always children, or, to limit the matter with more precision, babies, at any rate, are always babies. But few will be so paradoxical as to maintain that men are always men or women always women.—Black and White.

An Eloquent Peroration.

"And," said the rising young politician as he reached his eloquent peroration, "I predict that our candidate will, when the votes are counted, be found to have ridden to success upon a tidal wave of glory that will have swept all before it like wild fire breaking in flying spray upon the strand, where the sun of victory shall blaze forth its most effulgent rays upon the close of one of the most noble, most memorable campaigns that have ever been launched upon the sea of politics to gather strength and carry all before it like the cyclone sweeping across the broad prairies from which even the orb of day has disappeared in terror."

Simplicity.

Simplicity is the crowning jewel of all virtues. Great messages, great truths, great discoveries and great events are ever simple in their elements. Simplicity makes the great nobler and lifts the obscure to places of eminence. It is the bright charm of innocent childhood and the radiant gem of the old and learned.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Deep Scheme.

Mr. Deepe—I want you to sit right down and write to Mrs. Jenks inviting her to view the parade from our house.

Mrs. Deepe—I thought you said the route was almost sure to be changed, so that our house will be cut out?

Mr. Deepe—It will be changed, and the parade will pass her house now.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Costly Scenery.

A young wife's rainbow smile—the kind that comes after a shower—is beautiful, but it is also the most expensive bit of scenery produced on the human face.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not.

DIVERS AFTER PEARLS.

Their Work Is Deadly, and They Do Not Live Long.

Pearl fishers do not live long. They often dive to a depth of 100 feet or more, and the strain wears them out before their lives are half over. From these depths a diver usually brings two oyster shells each "trip." It is on the mother of pearl in these that the European depends for his sure profit. Pearls are "plums," which only occasionally fall to his lot. Divers work for a wage, and all the shells brought up are the property of the employer. In "Studies In Brown Humanity" Hugh Clifford describes Malay pearl fishers. They anchor on the oyster beds or as near them as possible, he says, and the diving takes place twice a day.

"All the boats are manned at morning and evening, and the Sulu boys row them out to the point selected for the day's operations. The white man in charge always goes with them in order to keep an eye upon the shells, to resuscitate exhausted divers and generally to look after his own interests.

"Presently a man lowers himself slowly over the side, takes a long, deep breath, and then, turning head downward, swims into the depths, his limbs showing dimly in froglike motions until, if the water be very deep, he is completely lost to sight.

"In a few minutes he comes into view again, his face straining upward, yearning with extended neck for the air that he now needs so sorely. His hands cleave the water in strong downward strokes; his form grows momentarily more distinct, until the fixed, tense expression of his staring face is plainly visible. Then the quiet surface of the sea splashes in a thousand drops of sun steeped light as his head tears through it, and his bursting lungs, expelling the imprisoned air, draw in the breath which they crave in long, hard gasps. If the dive has been a deep one a little blood may be seen to trickle from nose and mouth and ears. At times even the eye sockets ooze blood, the result of fearful pressure to which the diver has been subjected."

PITH AND POINT.

In order to be popular forget to say a good deal.

Wisdom is always conceded to a rich man until he loses his riches.

Do not emphasize your own virtues by enlarging on the failings of others.

A safe way to judge a man is to ascertain just what friends he doesn't make.

A genius is a man who refuses to believe in the impossibilities of other people.

The claims to wisdom of owls and a multitude of men rest upon their looks and nothing more.

To get rid of a bore ask him to repeat his longest and favorite story twice. Even he cannot stand that.

Only a smart man can conceal from a woman the fact that he isn't as smart as he would wish her to think he is.

One of the curious things about a man who wants to borrow money from you today is his eager determination to repay it tomorrow.

There are three stages in the existence of the average man when he is of particular interest to his community—viz, at his birth, marriage and funeral.—Success.

Another Way Out.

In one of Glasgow's finely laid out cemeteries a rich citizen, who was notorious as a skeptic, had erected a massive mausoleum on what he termed "his ancestral plot." One day he met a worthy elder of the kirk coming away from the vicinity of the imposing mass of masonry, so he said to him, "Weel, Dauvit, ye've been up seein' that grand erection o' mine?"

"Deed, hiv I, sir."

"Gey strong place that, isn't it? It'll tak' a man a' his time tae raise out o' you at the day o' judgment."

"Hoot, ma mon," said David, "ye can gie yersel' little fash aboot risin' gin that day comes. They'll tak' the bottom oot of o't tae let ye fa' doon."—Spare Moments.

Forestalling Trouble.

Sam Tate at one time owned a big cotton plantation on the Mississippi river. Once Tate called on the governor of Arkansas and said, "Governor, if you're not too busy this morning I'd like to have a pardon."

"Who for?"

"For myself."

"Ah, for yourself! And what for?"

"Killing a nigger."

"When did you kill him?"

"Oh, I haven't killed him yet—thought I'd get a pardon in advance, so there wouldn't be any trouble about it."

The Spectroscope.

Originally the spectroscope was applied only to chemistry, and in that limited field proved itself an invaluable aid in accurate analysis. By holding in a Bunsen flame a platinum wire moistened by contact with the skin the presence of a few grains of salt swallowed a few minutes previously can be detected with the spectroscope. Indeed, so wonderfully refined is the work of the spectroscope chemist that he can discover in a substance the presence of one three-millionth of a grain of metal.

Knew Three of Them.

Dearborn—Do you know the seven wonders of the world?

Wabash—Well, I know three of them.

"Only three?"

"Yes; I've only been married three times, you know."

Working Up to It.

Emma—And, Charlie, dear, would you have really shot yourself if I had refused you?

Charlie—Indeed I would. I had already sent to four houses for price lists of revolvers.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbler.—Steele.

When the sea is smooth we have many good sailors.—Schoolmaster.

L. K. HOGARTH

has the sole agency for

Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
Chamois Skins
Perfumes
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Ladies need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

Union and Bell 'Phones.

L. K. Hogarth,
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Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

PATTERN HATS—
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DOMESTICS.

In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co's,
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh
Salt or
Smoked
MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

Full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices.
Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

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NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

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DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

We seldom fear a danger that we cannot see. The danger of being run-down by a horse is a very real one to everybody, the danger of being murdered by a microbe does not trouble us. And yet the minute microbe is more dangerous than the wildest horse.

The only people who can afford not to fear the microbes of disease are those who keep their blood pure and rich. These are practically immune from the attacks of most microbes.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood, and gives the body a vigorous vitality. It cures scrofula, eczema, boils, pimples and other eruptive diseases which are caused by impure blood.

"I had been troubled for about four years with eczema, or a skin disease, which at times was almost unbearable as it would itch so," writes Mr. John Lawson, of 115 Powhattan St., Dallas, Texas. "I concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and after using five bottles found that I was entirely cured. Please accept many thanks."

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery." There is nothing "just as good" for diseases of the blood.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and its consequences.

The Poison in Mackerel.

There is no more wholesome food among fish than a mackerel, yet close along the backbone of that same edible there lies a strip of flesh which may bring you to death's door, even if it fails to kill you. You may eat it a hundred times and it will be as wholesome as the rest of the fish, but the hundred and first time or earlier it may cause terrible trouble. This is because it occasionally, without any sign or any known reason, distills a powerful irritant poison. There is no difference in the appearance of the fish or in its flavor; nothing to warn you of the danger. The only remedy is to leave the spine of the fish alone and not take the flesh that lies in the angle of the backbone's edges. There is never a year without a few deaths from this cause, though you might eat mackerel scores of times without taking harm. Yet animals have some way of detecting the poison, and a cat will not eat the flesh from the mackerel's spine if it is dangerous. It is not a question of staleness—a perfectly fresh fish may be deadly and a stale one harmless.—London Standard.

Lady Grey's Dull Evening.

Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, has presented some queer pictures of English court life. During the reign of King William IV. Creevey wrote: "The Greys had just come from Windsor castle. Lady Grey, in her own distressed manner, said she was really more dead than alive. She said all the horrors she had ever endured before was literally nothing compared with her misery of the two preceding nights. She hoped she never should see a mahogany table again, she was so tired with the one that the queen and the king, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Augusta, Mme. Lieven and herself had sat around for hours, the queen knitting or netting a purse; the king sleeping and occasionally waking for the purpose of saying, 'Exactly so, ma'am,' and then sleeping again. The queen was cold as ice to Lady Grey till the moment she came away, when she could afford to be a little civil at getting quit of her."

Curious Hunting Custom.

The Labrador Indians when on a hunt stalk on in advance of the train with their arms, while the women, heavily laden with provisions and means of shelter, drag along slowly after. When the lords and masters begin to think of food, time or wish in any way to leave some guide as to their progress for the squaws, they thrust an upright spear or stick in the snow and draw in the snow the exact line of the shadow then cast. The women, toiling painfully along, note the spear and the progress of the shadow and know closely the difference of time. They know, too, whether they dare to linger for a few minutes' rest or if they must hastily catch the stick or spear and hurry on.—Chicago News.

Long Journeys Made by Whales.

The whales that swim about the islands which lie off the coast of Norway and Finland in March and April travel immense distances. In May they turn up at the Azores or even at the Bermudas and sometimes pay a visit to the Antilles. They swim fast, for in June they are back again off Norway. Some of these whales have been known to bring back evidences of where they have been, for harpoons of the peculiar kind used off the coast of South America have been found stuck in them.—St. James Gazette.

Odd Japanese Customs.

The Japanese houses have no chimneys, and you are never warm enough until the house catches fire. The Japanese have beef and no mutton; the Chinese have mutton and no beef. Japanese bells, like Japanese belles, have no tongues; Japanese snakes have no poison; Japanese music has no harmony. The Japanese alphabet is not an alphabet, but a selection of seventy useful ideographs to dispense with the 30,000 in ordinary use by the Chinese.—"Queer Things About Japan."

A Story of Brahms.

A rather celebrated composer asked to be allowed to play his very latest composition to Brahms, and did so with tremendous vigor, the perspiration streaming down his face as he pounded the piano. Brahms at the end of the performance picked up a sheet of the manuscript and, feeling it between his finger and thumb, enthusiastically exclaimed: "I say, where do you get your music paper? It's first rate."

Plants Without Roots.

The "flower of the air" is a curious plant found in China and Japan. It is so called because it appears to have no root and is never fixed to the earth. It twines round a dry tree or sterile rock. Each shoot produces two or three flowers like a lily—white, transparent and odoriferous. It is capable of being transported 600 or 700 miles, and it grows as it travels, suspended on a twig.

Thorns.

"Do all roses have thorns, pop?"

"Yes, my son."

"I can't feel any on those roses on ma's hat."

"You would if you had to pay for the hat, my son."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bobbie's Metaphor.

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" remarked the mother as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thought has been delayed by a hot box."—Town Topics.

Both.

Little Willie—Pa. Pa—Well, what is it, Willie? Little Willie—Is writing a profession or a disease?—Illustrated Bits.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of **Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema,** or any **Skin Disease** that can't be cured with **Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment.** Just try one box, by mail 50c.

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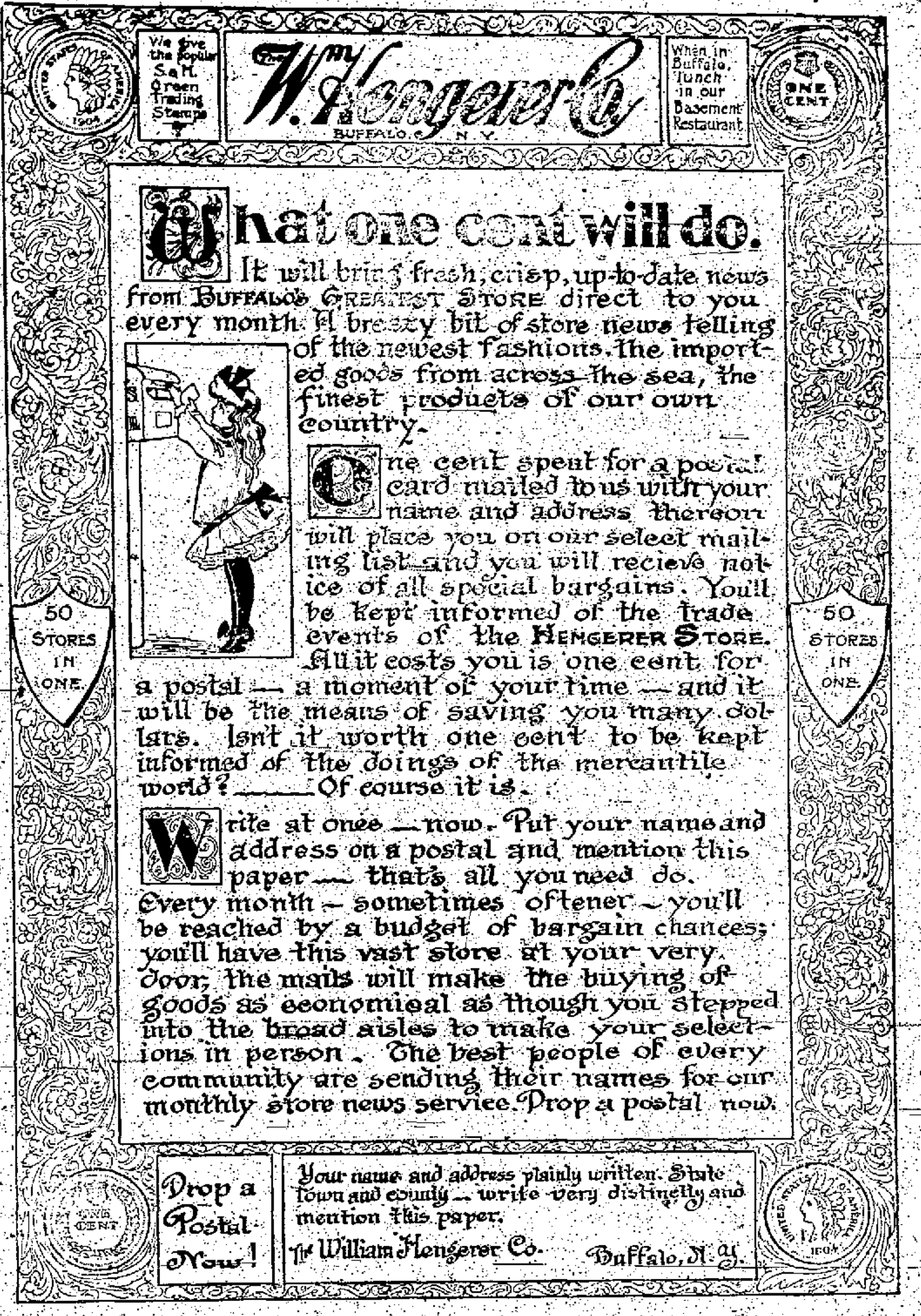
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What one cent will do.

It will bring fresh, crisp, up-to-date news from BUFFALO'S GREATEST STORE direct to you every month. A breezy bit of store news telling of the newest fashions, the imported goods from across the sea, the finest products of our own country.

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Write at once — now. Put your name and address on a postal and mention this paper — that's all you need do. Every month — sometimes oftener — you'll be reached by a budget of bargain chances; you'll have this vast store at your very door; the mails will make the buying of goods as economical as though you stepped into the broad aisles to make your selections in person. The best people of every community are sending their names for our monthly store news service. Drop a postal now.

Drop a Postal Now!

Your name and address plainly written. State town and county — write very distinctly and mention this paper.

The William Hengerer Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

—Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—See "The Bondman" at the Lyceum to-night.

—The Misses Forrest entertained a party of friends Friday evening.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. George McCarty at Turtle Point last week, a girl.

—Eastman kodaks and supplies are advertised by McCoy's Drug Store this week.

—The State Normal school at Clarion is having a very successful winter term, one of the best in its history.

—The Cosmopolitan for February is a most interesting number. It is one of the best 10-cent magazines published.

—An embroidery and remnant sale is advertised by Fry & Herzog in their space in this issue. Some good bargains are offered.

—Bessie Garrity, graduate of Warner's Business College, has accepted the position of stenographer for Ingram Printing Co.

—Bradford people generally are making a vigorous kick about the increased valuation of property in that city as adjusted in the last assessment.

—Those who heard Dr. C. H. Mead's portrayal of odd characters at the Methodist church pronounce him a bright, breezy and inspiring speaker.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. has commenced carrying coal over its road. On Sunday the first train, consisting of 26 loaded cars, passed through this place.

—According to the Bolivar Breeze that town is enjoying a boom and an active board of trade has been organized to induce manufacturing interests to locate there.

—Judge Ormerod of Potter county has refused to grant a new trial in the case of Bert McAllister vs. the City of Bradford and, therefore, Bert will get paid for his horse.

—Experiments at the State School of Clay Working and Ceramics at Alfred University have resulted in the production from American materials of a fine porcelain similar to that now imported to this country from Germany.

—Dr. Elizabeth D. Kane's report of the national convention of the W. C. T. U., held in Cincinnati, Ohio, in November, 1903, will be given at the regular meeting in the M. E. chapel Wednesday, Feb. 10, at 8 o'clock. A cordial invitation extended to all.

—A local institute of McKean county teachers was held at Kane last Saturday at which County Superintendent J. E. Myers was one of the speakers. These meetings are of great benefit to the teachers, and fortunately we have a number of them in this county.

—Colonel Pope, the head of the Pope Manufacturing company, affirms that bicycling was killed by the Bicycle Trust. How? The trust shut down on advertising. It assumed that because there was virtually no competition between makers as formerly, it was not necessary to advertise. Hence a quick loss of popular interest in the wheel and wheeling. There is material for a good deal of thinking in this opinion of a man of great experience.—Philadelphia Record.

Eddystone Lighthouse.

The famous Eddystone lighthouse stands fourteen miles off the coast of Land's End and is perhaps the most celebrated in the world. It has often been used as an illustration by poets and preachers, for no other lighthouse is in such a lonesome or dangerous place, and none costs so much money and trouble. There are three keepers, who live there with their families, and two of them are always on duty, while the third is on the main coast enjoying a vacation. They relieve one another each month, so that none of the keepers remain on duty more than two months at a time. The change and rest are said to be absolutely necessary to preserve the nerves of the keepers. The lighthouse is 135 feet high, was erected in 1882 at a cost of $400,000 and rises from a submerged rock. The first lighthouse was erected on this rock as long ago as 1697, but was washed away six years after and was not replaced for a long time. The second was burned down in 1775; the third stood from 1767 to 1882 and was famous in history.

"The" O'Gorman Mahon.

The last of the Irish duelists, O'Gorman Mahon, was indignant at the number of his colleagues in the Irish party who claimed the prefix and by way of ridiculing their pretensions to chieftainship assured the house there were only three personages properly entitled to it—the pope, the devil and the O'Gorman Mahon. The O'Conor Don, The McDermott, The O'Donoghue, The McGillcuddy of the Reeks, The O'Grady and The O'Sullivan are regarded as entitled to the distinction as heads of old Irish families, clans or septs. There are also some in Scotland, notably "The McNab," whose ancestor had a boat of his own at the time of the flood, being too proud to accept the hospitality of Noah.

Be neither ignorant nor careless with respect to the future.—Virgil.

COLLEGE YELLS.

Cornell university—"Cornell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!"

Amherst—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Amherst!"

Columbia university—"Ray! Ray! Ray! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!"

Beloit—"Oh-aye, yoh-yoh-yoh-Beloit! B-e-l-o-i-t! Rah-rah-rah!"

University of Pennsylvania—"Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah! Penn-syl-va-ni-a!"

Princeton university—"Hooray! Hooray! Hooray! Tiger! Sis! Boom! Ah! Princeton!"

Lehigh university—"Hoo-rah-ray! Hoo-rah-ray! Ray, ray, ray, Lehigh! Lehigh! Lehigh!"

University of Chicago—"Chicago! Chicago! Chicago, go! Go it, Chica-go it, Chica-go it, Chica-go!"

Yale university—"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Yale!" Yale's yell is quick and sharp.

Harvard university—"Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Harvard!" Harvard's yell is long and deep.

Brown university—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Brown, Brown, Brown! Ki yi! ki yi! ki yi! Hicki, hicki! Hoorah!" (Three times.)

The Saracens and the Moon.

The Saracens called the moon Cabar the Great, and the crescent still surmounts the Turkish mosques and is emblazoned on the green standard of the prophet. Schlegal mentions a story that Mohammed "wished to pass with his disciples as a person transfigured in a supernatural light and that the credulity of his followers saw the moon, or the moon's light, descend upon him, pierce his garments and replenish him.

"That veneration for the moon which still forms a national, or, rather, religious, characteristic of the Mohammedans may perhaps have its foundation in the elder superstition or pagan idolatry of the Arabs."

Not His Fault.

A doctor was summoned to attend the miller's little boy. He wrote out a prescription, which was promptly made up and administered in due form. The next day he called again to see his patient and found the whole family in tears.

"Alas!" said the mother, "I shouldn't have thought that my poor child would have died of the measles."

"What!" exclaimed the doctor. "He had the measles, and you never told me?"—Paris Journal.

His Occupation.

Calvert, Jr.—What is your uncle doing now?

Balty Moore—Sitting on juries.

Calvert, Jr.—What? I thought he was judge in one of the higher courts.

Balty Moore—He is.—Baltimore American.

The Joke on Her.

"I suppose being the wife of a humorist is a continuous joke," said her former schoolmate.

"Yes," she sadly sighed, looking at her faded jacket, "and it's on me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW
to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE
under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORRES.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a.

ATTENTION LADIES!

If you want to save money this is the place to do your purchasing. All Millinery is now going at a great sacrifices.

Excellent grade furs at a very reasonable price.

A few ladies' and children's cloaks left, which will be sold at a great reduction.

Also, have an elegant line of dress skirts and large assortment of flannelette wrappers, underwear, hosiery and other goods at very low prices. New Idea Patterns, 10c.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano, or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 59th Congress from the 21st Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.
S. R. DRESSER.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 25th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, subject to the decision of the Republican party.
MYRON MATSON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. M. MCELROY.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. W. CAMPBELL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. D. WEAVER.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.
J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY died at his home in New York Tuesday, the cause of death being appendicitis. Deceased was one of New York's most prominent men and was Secretary of the Navy during Grover Cleveland's administration.

THE announcements of J. M. McElroy and J. W. Campbell as candidates to succeed themselves in the Legislature appear in this issue. Their records at the last session as well as themselves personally are so well-known throughout the county that comment from this source is useless.

THE Superior Court has handed down a decision which denies telephone companies the right of eminent domain. Hereafter companies wishing to run a line across private property will have to make agreements with the land owners instead of erecting the poles and then having the damages adjusted in court or otherwise.

A BANQUET was tendered Senator Penrose in Philadelphia last Friday night by the Pennsylvania State League of Republican clubs. Toasts were drunk to the President of the United States and to the memory of the late President. The toast "The United States" was to have been responded to by Senator Quay, but he is in Florida, where he has gone on account of ill health. The other toasts responded to were:—"Pennsylvania," Gov. Pennypacker; "Our Material Interest," Congressman Dalzell; "The Judiciary," Attorney General Carson; "The Republican Party," Senator Penrose. The principal address was delivered by Senator Penrose.

THE announcement of Hon. Myron Matson appears in these columns this week as a candidate for the nomination on the Republican ticket for State Senator. Mr. Matson has filled this high office for the past two terms and has done much good work for his constituents and only once has there been any real objection to the stand he has taken in the discharge of his duties. This was when he voted for the Salus-Grady libel law and we feel safe in saying that if a vote is taken on its repeal that Mr. Matson would willingly right the wrong he did in voting for the bill that is intended to rob the press of the liberty which rightfully belongs to it.

AT the head of these columns will be found the announcement of Hon. S. R. Dresser as a candidate on the Republican ticket to succeed himself in Congress, subject to the usages of the Republican party. Mr. Dresser has served in Congress during the last term and made a record there of which no one can complain. He is an able, upright and honorable man in every walk of life who can safely be trusted with the affairs of his constituents. As a business man he has shown his remarkable ability in battling with the world. Mr. Dresser will undoubtedly receive the endorsement of this county and we trust he will be nominated and succeed himself in the 59th Congress.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 30, 1904.

President Roosevelt should be satisfied with the rapidity with which the sentiment of the country is crystalizing in his favor. Congressman Stevens of Minnesota says that within thirty or sixty days all anti-Roosevelt talk will disappear. By that time it will be plain that a great majority of the delegates to Chicago have been instructed to vote for the nomination of the President. Senator Platt of New York says the delegates from his State will be so instructed. Even Gov. Durbin of Indiana, while admitting the popularity of Senator Hanna in that State, announces that if President Roosevelt is nominated at Chicago he will get the party vote of the State. Congressman Landis of Indiana, who in his paper has often called President Roosevelt a "sham reformer," now says he has changed his mind and that he will be nominated "with the record of his administration for his platform." On the 27th inst. Senator Heyburn called at the White House and informed the President that Idaho indorses his administration. Senator Cullom says there is nothing but Roosevelt sentiment in Illinois among the Republicans.

The first speech from the Democratic side of the Senate in favor of ratifying the Panama treaty was made on the 27th inst, by Senator Simmons of North Carolina. He said it is hard to argue against a success; impossible to do so against a fact. He accepted the situation as it exists, and would vote for the treaty as his people are very anxious to have the canal built. In so doing he would not condone any wrong that might have been done to Colombia, or the violation of any international law. Senators on both sides of the chamber listened with undivided attention.

What was called "a great constitutional question" was sprung upon the Senate on the 28th inst., during a debate upon Senator Culberson's resolution which asks the president to inform the Senate whether all documents concerning the negotiation of the Panama treaty have been laid before the Senate. Senators Cullom, Gorman, Lodge, Spooner and Bacon engaged in the debate. The Republicans contended that the Senate has no right to demand papers from the president, and that he is to be the sole judge whether information may be given to the Senate. The Democrats contended it is the high prerogative of the Senate to call for all or any information on file in the executive departments at its pleasure, and that the sole judge whether the information shall be forthcoming is the Senate in all cases where it has jurisdiction.

Governor Taft of the Philippines, the new secretary of war, arrived in Washington on the afternoon of the 27th and was met by an immense crowd of cheering citizens and a troop of cavalry which escorted him to his hotel. He had a pleasant journey; he is in the best of health and in high spirits. A large man of forty-five, active, stout, attractive, magnetic, with a sparkling eye and a hearty grasp of hand. He is admired by all who see him and loved by all who know him. He at once called upon Secretary Root and the president, and was warmly welcomed. In the evening he attended a large reception given by Senator Alger and is this week the popular toast at official gatherings. He laughs and says, it is impossible for him to be a candidate for the presidency.

General John C. Black, the new civil service commissioner, and commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, is credited with being the head and front of the new service pension agitation; Congressman Sulloway of New Hampshire has introduced a bill to give a pension to every soldier who served ninety days and it is alleged to have the support of the administration. It will cost some $60,000,000 a year. General Daniel E. Sickles, now in his eightieth year, is moving about the Congressional lobbies on his crutches and talking up Black for the Democratic nominee. If he can't have Black Miles will answer.

The more the parcels post proposition is considered as recommended by the national board of trade here the more warmly it meets with public approbation. It is a matter which touches every citizen, and we are far behind Europe. It costs sixty times as much to send merchandise by mail in this country as it costs in Germany. Germany has extended the limit of mail packages to 110 pounds, while we can send but four pounds. Great Britain carries a package from Edinburgh through England to Egypt, to India and to China, and delivers it there for twelve cents a pound, or about half what it costs from New York to Philadelphia. John Wanamaker says that parcels could be carried through our mail at one-twelfth of their present cost easily, "but there are four insuperable articles—the four great express companies."

The House committee on labor is hearing arguments on the Sibley bill to prohibit the purchase by the government of convict-made goods. There will be no more hearings concerning a government eight-hour law. The Washington district commissioners ask Congress for $13,000,000 with which to run the city government another year. The Senate committee on foreign relations has withdrawn the proposed amendments to the Panama treaty. This will expedite matters. Congressman Hemenway, chairman of appropriations, warns the House that the Treasury is facing a deficit of $42,000,000. The estimates for disbursement for the next fiscal year will probably be $746,000,000.

Georgia will file a bill in the supreme court against Tennessee seeking damages for injury done by gases escaping from sulphur, copper and iron works just over the border from Georgia, in Ducktown. The vegetation in Georgia has been killed within a radius of thirty miles, and that State brings suit as the original and ultimate owner of all the lands.

A committee from the gulf states is in this city trying to organize a movement to attract white labor to their section. Senator Aldrich, the Republican leader of the Senate, says of them: "They may as well give up such effort unless they conclude to obey the law and put an end to lynching. As long as lawlessnes and violence are permitted to prevail and are excused and justified because of the color of the victim there will be no general immigration to the gulf states either from northern communities or from Europe—or even from Asia."

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 46-48 Main street. **Bradford, Pa.**

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New-York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport,

Brasted's For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23. October Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ada Marshall did, on the 4th day of June, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward L. Marshall:

We therefore command you, the said Edward L. Marshall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ada Marshall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ada Marshall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 26, 1904.
J. R. Hanchney, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 215, June Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Dollie M. Keller did, on the 2d day of May, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward C. Keller.

We therefore command you, the said Edward C. Keller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Dollie M. Keller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Dollie M. Keller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.
Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 207, October Term, 1903.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret May Bishop did, on the 31st day of August, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Bishop.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Bishop, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Margaret May Bishop and show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret May Bishop, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.
CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.
Gallup & Bouton, Libellant's Attorneys.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, February 19, 1904, by Frank G. Lindholm, Ralph E. Burdick and Arthur L. Youmans, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Lindholm Company," the character and object of which is "For the purpose of buying, selling and dealing in dry goods, carpets, notions, boots and shoes," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.
GALLUP & BOUTON,
Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks. Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit; from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.
SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of
D. C. YOUNG
Do not forget to call for
Purple Trading Stamps.
When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY
Winter Goods
I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at
Flannelette Wrappers for Women
Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stocks before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 26 1904.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S
Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

KODAKS.

We carry a full line of the best Kodak made—The Eastman. All purchasers are given full instructions how to use the instrument and develop pictures.

SUPPLIES.

A complete line always on hand for our customers.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHERS
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

RED STAMPS **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

Feb. 6th to Mar. 1st

FEBRUARY WHITE GOODS SALE OF

Galland Bros. Sanitary Muslin Under Garments.

Embroideries	**Long Cloths**
Laces	**Nainsooks**
India Linons	**Marcelias**
Swisses, plain and dotted	**Striped and Barred Muslin**
Persian Lawns	**Bordered Apron Lawns**
French Lawns	**Dimities**

Most of our White Goods for this Sale were purchased before the raise in the price of cotton, consequently we are offering them now at a great saving to our customers. Below we quote a few prices in our Muslin Underwear.

GOWNS.

Full Size Embroidery Muslin Trimmed Muslin Gowns	48c
Full Size Embroidery Trimmed Cambric Gowns	69c
Full Size Lace or Embroidery Trimmed Cambric Gowns	98c

Large assortment of better grades $1.19 to $4.50.

CORSET COVERS.

Plain or Embroidery trimmed Muslin Corset Covers	17c
Lace or Embroidery trimmed Muslin Corset Covers	24c
Fine Embroidery trimmed Cambric Corset Covers	29c
Fine Embroidery or Lace trimmed Cambric Corset Covers	39c
All styles of fine Cambric Corset Covers	48c

Better grades from 75c to $3.50 each.

SKIRTS.

Good quality Muslin Skirt, with double flounce trimmed with tucking	49c
Fine Muslin Skirt, embroidery trimmed	69c
Fine Muslin Skirt, embroidery trimmed deep double flounce	98c

A dozen different styles from $1.19 to $7.75 each.

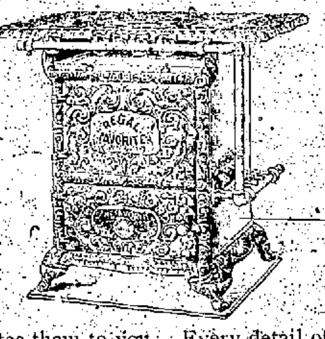
CHEMISE.

Fine Muslin Chemise	98c
Embroidery or Lace trimmed Cambric Chemise	$1.79
Embroidery trimmed Cambric Chemise	$2.25

DRAWERS.

Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers trimmed with tucking	23c
Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers, embroidery trimmed	39c
Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers, embroidery trimmed	48c
Misses' and Children's fine Muslin Drawers	18c
Misses' and Children's drawers, hemstitch trimmed	23c

Red Stamps **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** Red Stamps



AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only thro Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of; the best anybody can make. As a result Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends than any other gas range on the market. Herr Detlefs, one of the best noted cooks in the country, and who for the past few weeks has been conducting a class in cooking in this borough, has the following to say of the Favorite Gas Range:

> "I use only Favorite Gas Ranges because I have found them to be the best. They do perfect work and are superior to all others in my judgment. I am not employed by the company who make them, or paid for this testimonial. The excellent satisfaction these ranges have given me justifies me in recommending them."

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 4, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Bradford has been dropped out of the Lake Erie trotting circuit.

—Food choppers are advertised by Holmes & Gilfillan this week.

—The Edwards Stock company is the attraction at the Lyceum the rest of the week.

—Mrs. Gaylard H. Patterson entertained the Ladies Aid Society yesterday afternoon.

—The sheriff's sales appear in this issue. The brevity of the list is an indication of good times.

—A meeting of the borough council was held Monday night. Little business of importance was transacted.

—The Allegany Window Glass Co. of Port Allegany has "banked" its fire and is awaiting an advance in the price of glass.

—"Peck's Bad Boy" showed to a fair sized audience at the Lyceum Tuesday evening and gave good satisfaction generally.

—The big white goods sale of F. G. Lindholm & Co. is on this month. Some interesting prices are given in their advertisement.

—Everell Chadwick gave a party to about twenty of his young friends last evening. Refreshments were served and all had a delightful time.

—Clarence Hixenbaugh, the Shingle House lad who was accidentally shot in the head several months ago, is entirely well. The bullet is still lodged in his brain, but it gives him no pain.

—Miss Lucy Mitchell entertained the young people at the home of her parents Monday evening in honor of Alex Clarke and Ed. Studholme, who left for West Virginia on Tuesday.

—A. B. Crowell, former proprietor of the Crowell House, Coudersport, dropped dead in his barn at that place on Tuesday. Apoplexy was the probable cause. He was 79 years of age.

—The ground hog saw his shadow Tuesday morning, if he was able to dig his way out through the snow drifts, and, therefore we will have six weeks more of solid winter.

—The School Directors' Association held its first annual meeting at the court house on Tuesday. The meeting was well attended and the session was a very interesting one. Able speakers addressed the meeting.

—An engine on the B., B. & K. Ry. was derailed and stood almost squarely across the track at the Marvin street crossing last Sunday morning. The wrecking crew from Bradford was called and after considerable work succeeded in getting it back on the track. Very little damage was done.

—A large party of ladies gave a leap year dinner to their husbands and gentlemen friends at the Wright House last Saturday evening. The dining hall was handsomely decorated and the several courses were of the best as is well known by all who know the reputation of the Wright House from a gastronomic view.

—Happy Home Division, No. 254, Sons of Temperance, commences its second year with a rally at the Union church in East Smethport on Thursday evening, February 11. The following speakers will be in attendance: Revs. J. H. McCandless, P. S. Calvin and G. H. Patterson. The Division invites one and all to attend this meeting. Let your presence lend encouragement in the good work.

—C. M. Colegrove, who was nominated for school director on the Republican ticket, requests us to announce that he will not accept the office and therefore wishes his friends to vote for someone else.

—The members of the Cracker and Cheese Club gave a farewell dinner for their fellow-member, Ed. Studholme, and friend, Alex Clarke, at the Commercial House Saturday evening. It was a "stag" affair and a very pleasant time was had.

—At a meeting of the Republican county committe of Potter county, held in Coudersport on Tuesday, the members instructed the county chairman to appoint John J. Mundy, associate editor of the Potter Enterprise, clerk for the county committee. We offer congratulations to Brother Mundy.

—Smethport parties won their share of prizes at the Olean Poultry Show last week. Julius Hornlein took first prizes on buff leghorn cockerel and pullet and Carl Sasse received the first prize on barred Plymouth Rock cockerel and second on pullet of the same variety. These were the only exhibits from Smethport.

—Two men were arrested in Kane last week charged with robbing Elisha K. Kane's store at Kushequa. They had some plunder on their persons which is thought to have come from this store and in all probability the right persons have been caught. If this proves to be so the Kane officers will receive a reward of $500. They were lodged in jail here on Friday.

—The card party given at the hose house Monday evening for the benefit of St. Elizabeth's Aid Society was a pronounced success. About 75 people played progressive euchre until 11 o'clock when a delicious lunch was served. The high prizes were won by Miss Maude Dunn and John Eckert and the booby prizes were carried off by Miss Lena Wright and Leo Campbell.

—Jerry Flynn, who has been reported as missing for the past four or five weeks, was found dead in the woods Monday afternoon by a man who was hunting. He was found fastened down by a log which had apparently rolled onto him as he was sitting down on the pile of logs. It was thought that he had been acting strange for some time past, and suddenly leaving as he did and wandering away in the Leadville woods, goes to show something was wrong. He was unmarried and lived with his brother at Ellisburg.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—In response to an invitation from Port Allegany Lodge, F. & A. M., eight Masons from this place took a trip to our neighbor town to see the working of their lodge. The first and third degrees were exemplified, and after the closing of the lodge the visitors were escorted to C. S. King's popular hostelry where a most palatable spread awaited them. The party returned home on the noon train yesterday all highly pleased with their entertainment. The party consisted of W. A. Auderfer, S. E. Bell, G. R. Brownell, G. B. Mayo, O. J. Hamlin, Guy McCoy and Daniel Cooper.

—The position of Governor Pennypacker in relation to the supreme court judgeship is concisely stated by the Lancaster Intelligencer as follows. He wanted to be a judge and he saw an easy way to the translation, and took it without hesitation. Doubtless he thinks it was all right; but if he should bring his mind to the consideration of the propriety of a governor seeking to use his official power to secure a judgeship, he will probably find it hard to say why it would not be proper for a governor to seek to get anything he wanted in the same way; and he will see that such gubernatorial conduct might become utterly abominable.

—In speaking of the right to buy a drink, etc., a respectable colored man of this city said this to the Era last evening: "I was in Smethport to-day, laying carpet in one of the rooms of the court house. I was sober, as I always am, but felt a chill and a weak feeling. I went to one of the hotels in Smethport and asked for a drink of liquor. The man behind the bar would not sell me any. 'Why?' I asked him. 'I have reasons,' he said, and that was all the explanation I got from him. Do they draw the color line in Smethport, in such case?" The colored man is a veteran of the civil war and a member of the G. A. R.—Bradford Era. That is undoubtedly the reason he was refused. He was a black 'listed man.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrator, Executors and Guardians having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1904:

First and final account of L. L. Crocker, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Crocker, deceased.

Final account of Anna R. Davis, administratrix of the estate of George M. D. Davis, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of W. A. Blakeman, administrator of the estate of W. W. Blakeman, deceased.

First and final account of Frank D. Simar and Byron R. Simar, administrators of the estate of William Simar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward L. Leonhart, executor of the last Will and Testament of Maria L. McKeel, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Elizabeth Gallup and Fred D. Gallup, administrators of the estate of W. D. Gallup, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, surviving executor of the last Will and Testament of F. H. Arnold, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, executor of the last Will and Testament of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Keith E. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and final account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Hugh A. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

JOHN R. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Personal Mention.

Miss Rachel Rubin is visiting Bradford friends.

Dr. H. L. McCoy visited Olean on business Tuesday.

James B. Black of Olean was a visitor in town last night.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock visited Mt. Jewett friends this week.

Mrs. Anna B. Gifford of Davis, W. Va., is visiting friends in town.

F. J. Andrews of Roulette was the guest of his parents over Sunday.

Attorney J. F. Tuohey of Eldred was a business visitor in town Tuesday.

Miss Blanche Selover of Olean was the guest of her sister, Miss Jessie, over Sunday.

Miss Adeline Learn of Eldred was the guest of Mrs. G. B. Corwin the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hall were called to Olean Tuesday by the death of their son-in-law, Mr. D. Bell.

Ed Studhome and Alex. Clarke left Tuesday for Fulsom, W. Va., where they will accept positions with the South Penn Oil Co.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker left Monday night for Baltimore, Md., where Dr. Baker will take a post graduate course in dentistry.

Durnn R. Rose of Knox, Pa., is the guest of his cousin, E. E. Heath. Mr. Rose is a great dog fancier and his English setters have won many ribbons at bench shows and field trials.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.50. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents and for their expenses. We have no "drummers." School stands on its merits. Call or write, WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.

LYCEUM THEATRE

3 NIGHTS 3

and Saturday Matinee

COMMENCING

Thursday February 4

THE EVER WELCOME

EDWARDS STOCK COMPANY.

February 4, 5 and 6.

Presenting the young, romantic actor,

Mr. Chester Bishop

Supported by a company of sterling players, opening with the beautiful drama entitled,

"The Bondman, or LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN."

Special Scenery
Magnificent Costumes
Polite Vaudeville
Cinderella Matinee Saturday
Change of Play Nightly
Popular Prices
15, 25, 35c

Ladies will be admitted for 15c on the opening night to the best reserved seats if purchased at the reserved seat sale before 6 p. m. Thursday.

A REAL BARGAIN

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHPORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

Embroidery Sale — 25 per cent discount.

A noteworthy event this week will be our embroidery clearing sale to make way for the 1904 goods soon to arrive.

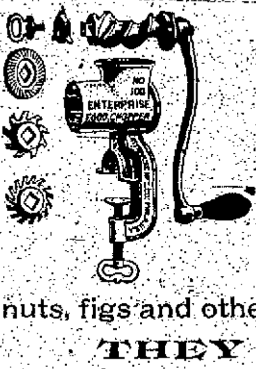
There's a great variety of choice patterns from the cheaper grades up to the finest.

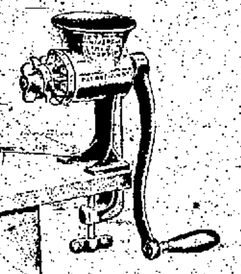
Some of the sets are broken but many of the best styles are still complete in limited amounts.

Your choice of edges, insertions and allovers from Thursday morning until Saturday night at a reduction from regular price of 1-4

Remnants

Stock taking has brought out a great lot of short lengths in all classes of goods. These must be disposed of promptly. This is an economy chance you cannot afford to miss.





THEY WON'T CHOP WOOD.

But a Universal or Enterprise Food Chopper will chop raw meat, cooked meat, vegetables of all kinds, fruit, crackers, bread, eggs, cheese nuts, figs and other foods and

THEY WILL CHOP

them all rapidly, easily, coarse or fine, in uniform pieces, without washing, squeezing, tearing or grinding, better than with chopping bowl and knife. They save time and add to the pleasure of housekeeping. They are well made articles, easy to clean and easy to keep in order. They have steel cutters that will not break. We are headquarters for everything in Kitchen Furniture.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block. THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. Smethport Penna.

CONFIDENCE

brought the crowd to our

BIG REDUCTION SALE

which began last week. Quality and low price made a great many new customers, and pleased the old ones.

VALUES SO GREAT

have never been offered before, and now comes the

CLEANUP-SALE

of small broken lots of OVERCOATS, and to dispose of them quickly regular
$7.50, $8.50 and $9.50 OVERCOATS, will go at $6.00
$10.00, $12.50 and 13.50 " " " $7.50
others reduced in proportion, ALL SIZES.

Wm. Monheimer.

HER FRANK OPINION

By A. S. RICHARDSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Suzanne's voice rose decisively above the exclamations of dismay.

"It might have been worse, and Miss Cranford can mend it."

She ran into the hall and leaned over the balustrade. A young man, good to look upon and evidently fresh from riding, was watching the florists at work.

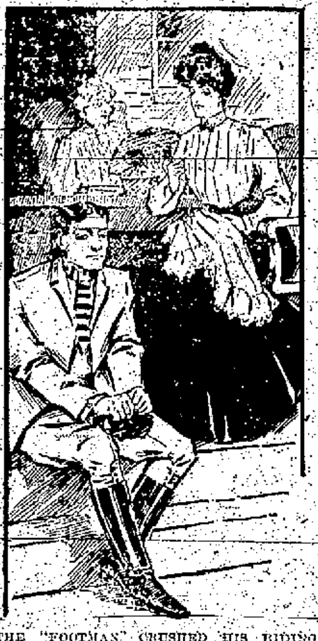
"Frank!"

"Cousin mine?"

"Will you please go"—

"I will," responded the young man, running up the stairs—"anywhere you wish."

"Bless you, dear," said Suzanne, dragging Frank into her mother's room, where six pairs of feminine eyes rested despairingly on a hideous three cornered tear in Suzanne's wedding



THE "FOOTMAN" CRUSHED HIS RIDING HAT IN HIS HANDS.

veil. "That must be mended, and only one woman in town can do such work —Elsa Cranford. Now, if"—

"Where does she live?" Frank picked up the cloud of lace, yellowed by time, and looked at it critically. "I suppose that if you were not marrying a lord you would wear a nice, clean, new veil that would not tear when you looked at it. This is rotten."

Mrs. Lynde was shocked.

"But this is an heirloom. It isn't every girl who can be married in the veil worn by her mother and her grandmother before her."

Frank bit his lips. He wanted to say that the average girl who married a title through the more or less flagrant mediation of a social matrimonial broker did not care to discuss her grandmother. When he had heard in Paris of his cousin's engagement to this heir of an impoverished English name, he had discovered that, even after two years' wandering on the face of the globe, Americanism was strong within him, and he hated to see the bulk of the Lynde fortune go to build up a decrepit English estate.

"You will find Miss Cranford at 213 Elmhurst avenue. Tell her she must do it at once and wait for it. We cannot take chances at this hour. Pay her anything—everything—but have it done. Tell Forbes the brougham must meet the 11:20 train, and the"—

"Don't apologize, Suzanne," laughed her cousin, taking the package. "If you had a whole racing stable at your command today, every horse would be out. I'll use my own mount and enjoy the ride."

And so he rode away past the stately manors of industrial magnates, past the less pretentious homes of real suburbanites, into a sleepy, country-like lane lined on either side with small cottages and gay gardens. At 213 he tied his horse to the cap of a near-bronze jockey and stalked up the path. A slender, graceful young woman was training a climbing rose on the shady side of the porch. She drew off her garden gloves as Frank stated his errand and stood in the warm June sunlight studying the torn veil critically.

"It will take at least an hour," she said, turning toward the house. "Will you wait?"

"Yes, thank you."

He sat down on the step and removed his hat. Above him on one side of the table, strewn with magazines, papers and sewing materials, sat an elderly woman with carefully dressed white hair. On the opposite side of the table was a vacant chair. Miss Cranford paused before it, looked at the unconscious Mr. Lynde with a slight frown and sat down. After all there was not such a wide breach between the status of a footman in a millionaire's household and a professional mender. Besides, under existing conditions at the Lynde residence a tired footman might be forgiven a slight breach of discipline.

She clipped her thread thoughtfully. Dame Fortune moved in a mysterious way. There was young Harry Lynde, brother of the bride, insignificant and stupid, and here was a footman molded on the lines of a Gibson model, with the easy grace which no end of dancing lessons could impart to the unfortunate Harry.

The little garden was very quiet, and Elsa's needle flew in and out of the lacy weave. Finally Mrs. Cranford's curiosity triumphed over her dignity.

"I suppose everything is ready for the wedding?"

"Everything, I believe." He frowned slightly.

"It is a great occasion, with Lord This and Lady That coming all the way from England, but every time I think of that poor child"—

"Do stop that nonsense, mother," exclaimed Elsa sharply. "She does not deserve pity, no matter what comes to her in the future. She marries Lord Harwood with her eyes open. She knows the man's past, she knows his need of her money, and she knows"—

The "footman" crushed his riding hat in his hands.

"My dear, you are so positive."

"Well, mother, dear, we ought to know. The papers have contained no other news for weeks. And they will be full of it again when she sues for a divorce. It is all so very silly. Everything that man can give her she could buy with her own money. The one thing he cannot give her money cannot buy, yet that one thing I or any girl without a dollar to her name may have some day—the honest love of an honest man. I may be old fashioned, but I believe that with some women love still counts, and when it does it is everything—far, far above titles, coronets, castles and a corner in the queen's throne room."

Silence once more fell upon the trio. The shining needle fairly flew. The girl's bright eyes were fixed on her work. The man, gazing through the vista of prim gardens and close cropped trees, was murmuring under his breath, "The honest love of an honest man."

Would she understand the difference between that little affair of three months in old Japan and an "honest love?" Then there had been Madeline! But that could not count! Why, he had even forgotten her last name!

Miss Cranford was folding the precious veil.

"Perhaps—er—you would like to see the ceremony at the church?"

"Could you?"—

"Yes—I know—er—where the cards are kept."

Mrs. Cranford protested. Her daughter smiled scornfully.

"They would not mind, mother. It's all a part of the show."

A tinge of color spread over the "footman's" face. He paused on the lower step.

"I'll send—I mean I'll bring the card over this afternoon."

* * * * * * *

Elsa Cranford in a simple dimity frock and a flower trimmed hat was caught in the crush of scintillating robes. An usher with a gardenia in his coat was just offering his arm to a stately dowager when he dropped something. He bent over, and the dowager was passed on to another usher. When the first man straightened up he extended his arm to Elsa. She gave one gasp, and all the color faded from her face; then, with head proudly uplifted, she started down the aisle at his side.

"Please don't look like that," he whispered. "It was beastly caddish of me, but I do look a bit like Harry's Englishman, and—and—well, I'm glad I heard your frank opinion on such things anyhow."

They were at the pew door. She slipped in without a word, but as she raised her eyes she caught the pleading look in his, and the rose color came back to her cheeks.

* * * * * * *

The wedding party and guests had left the church. Reporters with notebooks and sightseers crowded around the chapel. Elsa walked slowly toward the side entrance. The vestry room door opened suddenly, and Frank Lynde stepped out. He bent his head gravely, and there was no laughter in his eyes now.

"Will you tell your mother, please, that directly this infernal excitement is over I am coming to call personne propre? For I understand that she and dad were good friends in the old days, and—and I want you to think of me, an honest man."

But it was six months before she would admit the fact, and then she simply reiterated her statement that she did not envy the Countess of Harwood.

Strength From Proper Breathing.

The Japanese, although men of very small stature, are among the strongest in the world. Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practice their system of producing strength will find himself at the end of a few months able to cope in feats of power with the average man of twenty-five, and all this without the dangerous practice of lifting very heavy weights.

It should always be remembered that rest must be taken after each exercise. While resting try deep breathing. Stand erect, though not in a strained position, and at each breath draw the abdomen in and throw the chest out. As the breath is exhaled let the chest fall inward again and the abdomen outward. From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to jiu-jitsu, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rests, for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible. In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth, as preferred. In exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.—St. Nicholas.

Two Views of a Cold.

When a woman has a bad cold she is usually told by her masculine relatives that it is a visitation sent upon her because she is imprudent and deserves nothing better. When a man has a cold he regards it as a curious dispensation of Providence visited upon him, because "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Baltimore News.

GAMES OF CHILDREN

SURVIVALS, AS A RULE, OF ANCIENT RITES AND CUSTOMS.

"London Bridge" Possesses an Exceedingly Sinister Significance, and "Hopscotch" Originated In the Old Myth of the Minotaur's Labyrinth.

It is a fact that English boys and girls in their plays and pastimes are the unconscious keepers of the archaic archives of our forbears. Children are instinctive conservatives. They play the old games and repeat the old rhymes century after century with little if any variation.

"Blind man's buff," for example, a survival of the rites peculiar to the worship of Odin, the sightless deity, is played today exactly as it was played 2,000 years ago.

So, too, is "tag," which was originally a fragment of a sacred pantomime or miracle play, portraying the old, old story of Diana and her nymphs.

In "London bridge is broken down" we are treated to the entire ritual of the foundation sacrifice, that widespread hideous custom which decreed that a living child must be sacrificed to the god of the structure ere it could be expected to stand firm.

First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London bridge is broken down!" cry the two leaders, standing with uplifted hands clasped so as to form an arch, beneath which the other little players race as if in dread.

"Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply.

"Bricks and mortar will mold away."

"Build it up with penny loaves, with gold and silver, set a man to watch all day, set a dog to bark all night," and the rest of it.

Then, lastly, the hands are unclasped, the "arch" falls, catching one of the players, preferably a little girl, in its mock descent, after which all the children shout in unison, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Now 'twill last for aye and a day, with a fair lady."

An allied game is called "threading the needle." A chain of children pass under an arch formed by the uplifted joined hands of two other children, one being eventually taken prisoner in the usual way. Sussex children say this "makes the wheat grow." French children cry in unison while racing under the arch: "Oats, oats, oats! May the good God prosper you!"

Here we get a relic of the immolation of the meriah, or sacred sacrificial victim, to the corn god of the ancients, a custom once everywhere prevalent and continued until quite lately at Benin city, in India, and elsewhere.

"Hopscotch" is an old game. Its germ was almost certainly the labyrinth and the well nigh universal myth of the Minotaur. Afterward, on the introduction of Christianity, the labyrinth was abandoned, to be replaced by the ground plan of the basilica, the earliest Christian church.

The players divided it in seven parts, as they believed heaven to be divided, and placed paradise in the position of the altar, the inner sanctum of their earthly church. The whole game came then to represent the progress of the soul from earth to heaven through various intermediate states, the name given to the last "court" being invariably "paradise" or its equivalent.

Well worship, one of the earliest and most widespread of religious cults, is symbolized in many games, notably in the one where the children sing:

Draw a pail of water
For a lady's daughter.

The seesaw movement of the players at the beginning of this ancient and still popular game is intended to represent the raising of the water from the well. Next is announced the arrival of the devotee, "my lady's daughter," collecting flowers for decking the well (shrine), making a cake for presentation to the god (or goddess) of the well, offerings of jewelry, and so on. It can be by no mere chance that a game played by rustic village children today duplicates step by step each detail of the ritual of the primitive well worshipers.

It is the same with almost all the genuine old children's games. Everywhere can be traced degenerate, fragmentary survivals of the social life, ceremonies and religious practices of our early ancestors.

"Here we go round the mulberry bush," for instance, is a survival of tree worship. "Cat cradle," played practically by all savage and civilized peoples the world over, has its hidden significance of horrid rites. It is a commonplace, the important part played in black magic by string, cords and knots!

But it is the so called matrimonial games that throw the most lurid light on the social manners and customs of our prehistoric savage forefathers.

"Here we come gathering nuts in May" symbolizes that earliest form of sexual union, marriage by capture. In this game, as played to this very day on many a British village green, there enters absolutely no element of love or courtship. The object of each male child is to obtain possession of a female child by brute strength, and he always tries his luck or his skill "on a cold and frosty morning," of course.

In those dim, faraway days there were no roads. Across the frozen morasses into the wildest recesses of the swampy "forest primeval" he could under such atmospheric conditions bear his bride in safety.

"Kiss in the ring" brings us down to a far later date. The evolution of marriage has reached the point at which choice or selection becomes the dominant factor, although there is still the pretense of running away, the feigned resistance to capture and its concomitant betrothal.

Still more modern is the game known as "knights from Spain," in which one lad stands out pre-eminently from the others.

"I am a gentleman come from Spain;
I've come to court your daughter Jane,"

chants the child suitor, to which the "mother" of the assembled girls makes reply:

"My daughter Jane is yet too young
To listen to your forward tongue."

There is much more in the same style, but it ends up with the chorus, sung by both sides (all the children) in unison:

"Let her be young or let her be old
It's for her beauty she must be sold."

Here we get, of course, marriage by purchase, which everywhere superseded in course of time marriage by capture and which is not even yet by any means entirely extinct.

The worldwide custom which decreed that the bride should make and bake some dainty for her spouse on the wedding eve is daintily symbolized in the favorite old Kentish singing game:

(Polly) made a pudding so nice and sweet,
And (Johnnie) got his knife and cut it
round so neat,
Saying, "Taste, love, taste, love, don't say
nay,
For tomorrow-morrow-morrow is our
wedding day."

Our bought wedding cake is of course an unsentimental survival of this pretty custom.

But perhaps the most interesting from the ethnologist's point of view of all children's games is that where the players sing the old familiar refrain commencing:

Sallie, Sallie, water,
Sprinkle in the pan,
Cry, Sallie, cry, Sallie,
For a young man.

Here "water" is not the surname to Sallie, but actual water, as the context, "sprinkle in the pan," plainly shows. It is a relic of water worship, which everywhere has to do with love, marriage and children. "Cry" does not mean to weep, but to "cry" aloud her wish (for a young man), as the town "crier" to this day "cries" things or as children "cry" forfeits.

Note that it is the girl now that makes known her need of a husband. The game is, in fact, a survival of the matriarchate of our remote pre-Celtic progenitors, that strange, little understood custom which gave to the women the privilege of wooing, of ruling, of inheriting, and relegated man to an altogether subordinate position in the communal homestead.—Pearson's Weekly.

COLOR BLIND PEOPLE.

Their Affliction Causes Them to Do Queer Things at Times.

A well known oculist, while discussing some of the various defects of the human eye which are not noticeable to the ordinary observer, had this to say about color blind people:

"The world must be a curious place to color blind people, of whom there are forty males and three females to every thousand persons. Some are blue-yellow blind, and everything seems either red, green or gray to them. Others are red-green blind, and all things appear to them to be yellow, blue or gray of various shades, and others again perceive no distinction of color at all, but the whole world wears an unchanging aspect of dull gray.

"To these last a visit to a picture gallery would reveal merely a collection of engravings or photographs. But the two former have the compensation of seeing their own two colors much more brightly than ordinary people.

"The color blind do extraordinary things at times. An officer of the navy went one day to buy material for a coat, vest and trousers. He bought a blue coat and red trousers, believing them of the same color. A British admiral painted a landscape and was very proud of his performance, but he made the tree red, thinking it the same color as green. When he purchased a pair of trousers he chose green ones, suspecting them to be brown.

"An architect's pupil, being directed to copy the picture of a brown house, made the house green, the sky scarlet and the roses blue.

"A postoffice clerk was always short in his accounts because he could not distinguish the different colored stamps, and a sedate Quaker has been known to buy a green coat for himself and a red gown for his wife, thinking they were both brown.

"If you see a man in the street with a preposterous display of colors, charitably believe him to be one of the color blind.

"Just why the eyes of women are less defective in the matter of distinguishing colors than those of men is one of the things in nature that are unexplained. The construction is the same, yet woman's superiority in matching colors has always been recognized even where man has had the advantage of long experience."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Winter Fodder In Kashmir.

In Kashmir they have a novel method of putting fodder up for winter use. The country lies in a valley among the Himalayas. The chief industry of the people consists in raising fine wool and in making this into fabrics which have carried the name of the country all over the world. As in winter snow lies some five or six yards deep, supplies of hay are hung among the branches of trees, where they are easily reached by the flocks of sheep.

Nothing In It.

Two men were lashing the air violently and hurling epithets at each other.

"Hold on," said a passerby to his companion—"Let's wait and see the scrap."

They stood and watched for a moment until it became evident that one of the disputants was afraid and the other "dassent."

"Come on," said the companion. "It's only a scrap of conversation."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—[illegible] Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon [illegible].
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Holmberg, president; Miss Tessa Rayner, secretary; G. B. [illegible], treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Rooney, Chas. Johnson, W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramey.
Justices—B. E. [illegible], B. C. [illegible].
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasser.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—[illegible].
Judge of Election—[illegible].
Inspectors of Election—[illegible] Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SAMUEL E. BELL, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings, at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FERGUSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELE GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLES, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

Mrs. MILLIE I. BIEVER, Pres't.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL GRIFFIN, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

ARAMETTA MYERS, W. M.
MRS L. T. COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. *Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days........11:09 a. m.
Train 126, week days........7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south;

Train 121, week days........9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days........2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p. m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:23 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:16 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, [illegible] a. m. Sundays), Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 8:46 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 49
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 20	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 30	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:51 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:09 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Alton, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:35 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with B. R. R. [illegible] No. 3, for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:10 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Alton, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. And for Mt. Jewett and Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Kane with B. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:40 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:30 p. m., daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Time Table No. 16. Passenger train schedule Effective Sept. 21, 1903.

MT. JEWETT & SMETHPORT DIV.

p.m.	p.m.	a.m.		a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
	1:00	8:10	lv Mt. Jewett ar	8:00	12:30	
5:07	1:20	8:28	Pt Pleasant	7:39	11:48	7:00
5:10	1:40	8:31	Hazelhurst	7:36	11:45	4:21
5:18	1:55	8:37	Marvindale	7:29	11:38	4:14
6:21	2:00	8:40	Kasson	7:26	11:31	4:10
6:26	2:07	8:47	Cyclone	7:18	11:27	4:03
5:34	2:25	8:55	Smethport	7:10	11:19	3:55
				p.m.		
5:54	1:59	9:14	Smethport	7:20	11:19	3:35
6:06	2:37	9:26	Mall's	7:09	11:08	3:24
6:01	2:35	9:27	Farmers Valley	7:08	11:07	3:23
6:14	2:45	9:31	Coryville	7:0	11:0	3:15
9:20	2:50	9:40	Larabee	6:55	10:55	3:10

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward				STATIONS	Lv. Westward			
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar		Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10		Ulysses		7.20	2.25	9.10
7.56	6.53	2.10		Crowell		7.27	2.32	9.19
7.46	0	1.57		Carpenter		0	2.34	9.22
7.40	6.48	1.53		Perkins		7.32	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50		New'fld Junc		7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45		Newfield		7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41		Gold		7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35		Raymond		7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24		Seven Bdg's		8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20		Colesburg		8.04	3.09	10.05
6.25	6.10	1.12		Frinks		8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05		N. Couds'pt		0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.		Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		Coudersport				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.		Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.12		Hammond		0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.09		Olmsted		8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05		Mina		8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59		Knowlton		0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55		Roulette		8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47		Burtville		8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41		Coleman		0	6.34	0
3.20	0	0		Chem. Wrks		0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36		Pt. Allegany		9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp		Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

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LEOFRIC

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS

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Janey Gates was the beauty of Cane Creek neighborhood. Even Sister Meakins admitted as much in spite of robust prejudice. Janey would have been likewise the belle if it had not been accepted as a fact ever since she put up her hair and let down her frocks that she was, in neighborhood phrase, "mortgaged property." Phil Mayben had laid claim to her when she came hardly to his elbow. He had, further, let nobody dispute the claim even after she came back from boarding school, fearfully and wonderfully accomplished. He was a big fellow, square jawed and square headed, who cared nothing for books unless they dealt with figures. At figures he was marvelously quick and clever—so clever it was nothing for him to stump successive schoolmasters even though they were college bred, while he knew nothing higher than the neighborhood academy.

Possibly it was a triumph of this sort which had first incited the present schoolmaster, Leonard Trabue, Esq., to try conclusions with him in the field of Miss Janey's favor. Janey loved books in the freshest, most whole hearted fashion. Trabue could talk books by the hour, and talk very well. Naturally he found himself welcome at the Gates homestead. Quite as naturally Phil Mayben resented his presence there and showed it outright, after the manner of a masterful man crazily in love. Thus by fate and free will and the obligation of hospitality Janey was in a manner forced to take Trabue's part. The result was a very pretty quarrel and the transfer of Phil's attentions to Miss Dora Meakins.

There had been no set engagement to break. That made Phil's attitude all the more aggravating. Janey was for months bitterly unhappy over the rupture, although she let nobody see it, not even her mother. Outwardly she was gayer than ever, and so charming Mr. Leonard Trabue quite lost his head. He had meant at first only to punish that pestilent fellow, Mayben—incidentally, of course, to divert himself and pass time otherwise heavy on his hands. Teaching was merely a stop-gap. Literature was his chosen vocation. He meant to enter upon it through the gate of newspaper work as soon as he could scrape together a few hundred dollars.

The Gateses were not rich folk, but still comfortably off, and Janey an only child. It is but just to say the fact had little to do with Trabue's falling in love. That came upon him unawares. But once he had realized his frame of affections he took full cognizance of it. Might it not be easier to make himself immortal even here, in the deep country, with a charming wife and assured comfort, than out in the hustle and hurly burly of a city? To settle it out of hand he proposed plumply to Janey. He was dazed to get a refusal, distressed, almost tearful.

Next week the county paper printed, with flattering comments, a love rhyme signed "Leofric." Cane Creek read it because reading the paper thoroughly was certainly the part of thrift, if not of Christian duty. Still, it felt no curiosity as to the authorship until the rural press quite generally copied and praised the rhyme. A second bit of verse got reprinted in three city papers, so, upon the appearance of the third, Leofric's identity became a burning question, one that the editor himself could not answer. All he knew was that the copy came to him by the hand of Mr. Murdock, a leading lawyer.

All winter long Leofric wrote intermittently, becoming more and more a riddle and a personage. All winter long, too, Phil Mayben ate Sunday dinners at the Meakins' table, and Leonard Trabue talked books and the world to Janey Gates. He was playing a waiting game, resolved to win her in spite of herself and Phil Mayben.

Janey's heart was singularly steadfast. Still, there were times when she thought Trabue would succeed. Phil's going had left her desolate indeed. He could never have cared as he pretended or he would not be able to stay away. Of course she could not make the first move to reconciliation, especially since he was so taken up with the Meakins generation. Since he was forever lost to her, it was far from unpleasant to sun herself in Trabue's devotion.

Spring came with such a rush that year the picnic season opened in mid-May. Sister Meakins and Sister Hodgin, self elected social autocrats, got up the first one and set the place for it, Clear Spring, just a little way off the Gates' pasture. The spring was, in fact, Gates' property, so Sister Meakin let the owner know she thought it would be no more than neighborly of him to put up tables, seats and stakes for the gypsy kettles, to say nothing of the swings. There Phil Mayben interfered. "You don't play a lone hand at this game with me around, squire," he said to Janey's father. Thus it fell out that for two days before the picnic he was nearly as much in Janey's eyes as he had been all winter in her mind.

It amazed and somewhat frightened her to find how equally she regarded him. Squire Gates brought him to dinner whether or no, and Janey shook hands with him and chatted gayly throughout the meal without the least flutter of the heart. She even watched him go away with no access of sentiment.

If only Trabue had spoken there and then! But he was invisible until next day. The picnic crowd gathered early. Phil was the life of it, though Dora Meakins stuck to him like a limpet. He even bowed civilly to Trabue, who hung about Janey, his eyes downcast, his look preoccupied. The end of the school term was just three weeks ahead. Before he came to that parting of the ways he felt that he must know exactly where he stood. Janey had grown distinctly kinder. Still, there was something in her kindness that put him farther off. She would be an ideal wife for him. A bold stroke would do it now. A year hence would be quite too late.

While the laughter and chatter were at flood he drew her apart and poured out to her his hopes, aspirations, plans. Love he barely named. Might they not be plighted, be intellectual comrades? Sustained by her companionship he felt himself capable of great things. He had already made a beginning, and she was all unwittingly the inspiration of what he had done.

Then he tried to take her hand. Janey withdrew it gently. "Tell me all about it," she whispered, a hovering smile about her lips. Trabue bent to her ear and said hurriedly, "You must not mention it, sweetheart, but I am Leofric—Leofric, who wrote desolate and despairing things because you refused him."

"Indeed!" Janey said, getting up from her mossy rock to slip past him. Then, over her shoulder, she added: "You will please wait until afternoon for your answer. I must go help about the dinner."

Dinner was so fine a feast Lawyer Murdock declared he felt more than paid for his long drive out from town. He was Squire Gates' man of business and Janey's sworn friend. Therefore nobody wondered at their confidential talk aside, and even Phil Mayben smiled approval when the lawyer kissed Janey in greeting. But be sure there was a stir as Lawyer Murdock pulled Janey to the middle of the crowd, raised his voice and said, with twinkling eyes: "Ladies and gentlemen, I like unmasking humbugs, so permit me to present to you Leofric, the poetess of Cane Creek. Don't remember it against her that she is a poetess—it's all the fault of that scoundrel, Phil Mayben."

"It won't be any longer, Mr. Murdock," Phil said, bursting through the crowd to catch Janey in his arms and hide her blushes in his breast. "I know I've been seven kinds of a fool," he went on. "I don't deserve Janey—nobody does, for that matter—but I'm going to have her or die trying."

"You've got her," Lawyer Murdock said, wringing Phil's hand. Dora Meakins turned her back and went off with her head high, but Mr. Leonard Trabue stayed not on the order of his going. Nobody in Cane Creek neighborhood ever saw him again.

A Glimpse of Sofia.

In his book on "Cities" Arthur Symons writes of the capital of Bulgaria: "There is something dry, hot and fierce in Sofia, which is at once ordinary, sordid and almost startling. The houses are for the most part such houses as one might see in any small town in any country, but at a corner on the main street there is a mosque, and around the mosque something like a village fair. Wooden booths are set up at each side of the street, wooden palings surround empty spaces or open upon cafes in which trees grow or upon one story houses or upon a little wooden theater. Money changers, with their glass cases of gold and silver coins and coin earrings and rings outside their shop windows, suggest already the sarafs of Constantinople. At upper windows above the shops you see men working sewing machines; at the edges of the pavement little dark bootblacks, Kurds, sit with their wooden blocks before them. Men pass selling water, grapes and nuts. A woman passes and then another, carrying a huge dark green melon in her arms solemnly, like a royal orb."

The Whisper Court.

At Rochford, Essex, England, the whisper court is a strange observance held annually under the superintendence of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is carried out at midnight in the open air. The absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double his rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance. No artificial light, except a firebrand, is permitted, and the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the embers of the brand. The roll of fourteen tenants is then called over and answered to in a whisper, and then they kneel down and swear allegiance. Very many years ago the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home by night. On the way he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination. Thus warned, he returned home by an unexpected route. Then he ordered that each year his tenants should assemble at the same time to do him homage around a post which he erected on the spot where the plotters met.

Salad of the Shoes.

Freshmen have troubles the world over. The "conscrits," as they are called at the famous Ecole Polytechnique in Paris, are subjected to an amusing initiation called the salad of shoes.

The freshmen report some days before the upper class men so that they can receive their uniforms and become familiar with the routine of the school. The first morning after their tormentors return the freshmen are aroused by a demand that they throw their shoes out of the windows into the courtyard. The shoes are gathered into a heap, and, kneeling in a big circle around this, the freshmen are obliged to go through some ridiculous gymnastic movements at the command of their superiors.

When the study bell rings they have but a minute to appear in the classrooms, and it is a strenuous minute around that pile of shoes.

AS TO NICKNAMES.

Given Often For Absurd Reasons, and Generally They Stick.

"Wonderful how names stick to a person," said the observant man. "There were two nice little women in our village who came on us one evening, and we offered them popcorn which the children had just brought in from the kitchen. They refused, but not so emphatically as to keep us from giving them two heaping plates of the corn. We kept refilling the plates and they kept crunching all the evening. There was something so funny about it that I called them 'The Popcorn Ladies,' and the name has stuck to them so that the whole village knows them by it.

"I once knew a man who talked incessantly in a high pitched voice, and a bright girl dubbed him 'The Chirper.' The name was quickly passed around among the young people, and now the greater part of his friends know him by that name. A dignified young woman of my acquaintance goes by the name of 'Whont' to this day because when she was a little girl she used to call herself 'Mrs. Whont' when she played grownup ladies, and the family picked it up. She simply can't shake the absurd name.

"More than one red haired man is known by the name of 'Pink' and philosophically accepts the title. I have an acquaintance who holds a responsible position who is known by the name of 'Dotty.' It seems that one day a mischievous girl discovered that he had three prominent dimples. She promptly dubbed him 'Dotty Dimple,' and now he is known to all his associates as 'Dotty.' Another man of my acquaintance is always called 'Bluebeard' because he has such a white and thin skin that if he does not shave daily his beard shows blue through it. That name, too, came through a woman's quick wit.

"In a certain household a very feminine little woman is still called 'The Boy' because, when she was a young girl she went through a serious illness which made it necessary to cut her hair short. Her younger sister said she was 'the boy' of the family, and the dainty lady is still called by that absurd name.

"An evening paper man was once called 'Viola' by one of the boys in the office, and now we know him by nothing else. Another one of the boys in the office is always called 'Chesty,' and, though he got angry at first, he has cheerfully accepted the new name now.

"Our bookkeeper is always putting in his oar when it is not at all necessary, and I think now he will be known until the end of time as 'General Butts.' A friend of mine who is always called 'Cheerful' does not know whether he is called that because his friends believe he has a cheerful disposition or because they consider him a cheerful idiot. But, at any rate, he can't shake the name."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Beaconsfield's "Don'ts."

An inquiring and aspiring person once asked Beaconsfield to tell him the secret of social success. "Never discuss the authorship of the 'Letters of Junius,'" was the reply.

Beaconsfield's biographer, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, adds something positive to this witty negative rule for getting on in the world. A distinguished member of parliament begged the Victorian statesman to tell his young son something to remember, something that would help to make him an agreeable and popular member of society.

Beaconsfield laughed. "Model yourself after your father," he said to the lad.

This was not altogether satisfactory, and the M. P. insisted upon a definite rule of conduct.

"Well, my boy," said Beaconsfield, "be amusing. Never tell unkind stories. Above all, never tell long ones."

A Large Fish.

An Englishman visiting Lake Tahoe asked a native if there was any good fishing in the lake.

"Oh, yes, stranger."

"What kind of fish do you catch here?"

"Oh, all kinds, stranger."

"What is the weight of the largest fish you ever caught?"

"Waal, stranger, we don't take weighing machines when we goes fishing, and I am an honest man and wouldn't like to say how much that last trout I caught would weigh. But I tell you, stranger, that when I pulled that fish out of the water the lake went down a foot."—Birmingham Post.

Pessimistic View.

Sentimental Wife (reading from a novel)—"And, clasping the beautiful girl to his heart, the hero pressed his burning lips to her snowy brow."

Practical Husband—Yes, and I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut he'll be down with pneumonia in the next chapter.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Severely Practical.

"Don't you sometimes wish you could write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"I'm not worrying about that," answered Senator Sorghum. "The scroll of fame isn't the book that the bank cashier turns to when you want a check certified."—Washington Star.

Hold Out Your Chest.

Nowadays we are told "Hold out your chest," and not "Throw back your shoulders." The shoulders will take care of themselves if the chest is held well up.—Maxwell's Talisman.

The Flue.

"Did Slickun's house catch fire from a defective flue?"

"No; an effective one. He had it insured for twice its real value."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Don't contest a will if it is a woman's.—Lowell Citizen.

A REDHEADED GIRL

By C. B. LEWIS

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It was while the brig Daisy, Captain Josiah Barnes, master, lay at Port au Prince, after loading up, that a redheaded girl came aboard to secure passage to Boston. She had gone to the island from Salem two years before with an American family as governess, but had become tired of it and desired to get back to the United States. The wife of Captain Barnes was aboard, and his crew numbered seven men. He had also taken as passengers two American sea captains whose vessels had been shipwrecked among the West Indian islands. If it hadn't been that one of the captains offered to surrender his stateroom to the redheaded girl and sleep in the main cabin on a shakedown she could not have taken passage by the Daisy. Indeed it was a close shave at best, as Mrs. Barnes, who was fat, forty and plain faced, looked her over and said to her husband:

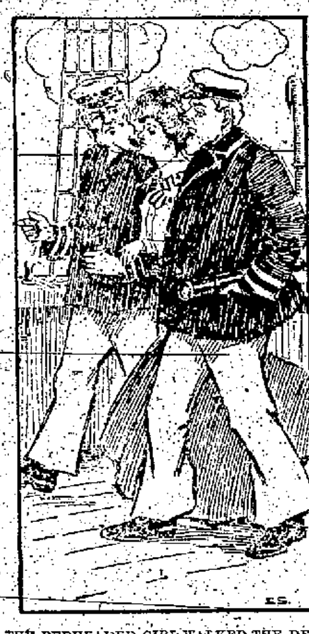
"Josiah, she's redheaded, and that means that she's giddy and sassy."

"Yes, she's got red hair," replied the captain, "but I don't see nothin' giddy about her. She looks as sober as any gal with any colored hair, and that passage money will come in handy for us. She'll probably be seasick clear up to Boston light and not eat $2 worth of provisions."

"Well, we'll take her," said Mrs. Barnes, with a doubtful shake of the head, "but you see if it don't result in a tornado, waterspout or calamity of some kind. Redheaded girls are born to make trouble."

A day later the Daisy weighed anchor and set out on her return voyage, and the attitude of the redheaded girl as she moved about was so demure that the captain almost felt like patting her on the head and speaking words of sympathy and encouragement. The brig sailed at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the girl passenger did not make her appearance at the table at noon. Mrs. Barnes' motherly heart forced her to look into the stateroom and offer her services, but at the same time she was secretly glad to find the redheaded girl in her berth and apparently suffering the pangs of seasickness.

Something like a surprise party awaited the dame when supper time came round. She was thinking of making a cup of tea with her own hands and adding a slice of dry toast when the redheaded girl suddenly appeared in the cabin fully dressed and looking as pert and saucy as if the old brig rested in a cornfield instead of climbing up and down watery hills of exceeding steepness.



THE REDHEADED GIRL WALKED THE DECK WITH A CAPTAIN ON EACH SIDE.

"La, but haven't you been seasick!" exclaimed the captain's wife after a long stare.

"Of course not," was the reply.

"And you ain't goin' to be?"

"I hope not. Where are the gentlemen? They must have missed me. I'm so glad I'm the only girl aboard, as I will have them all to myself. Do you know if both captains are married men?"

"Yes, ma'am; I know what they are, and each one is the father of at least 'leven children," replied Mrs. Barnes, with great emphasis, being determined to crush the redheaded girl at the very outset.

"Well, they can flirt with me for a few days just the same," said the girl as she surveyed herself in the cracked mirror hanging over the table.

At supper the redheaded girl made herself thoroughly "at home." She laughed and chatted and made eyes, and Mrs. Barnes could not help but see that her own captain, as well as the two others, was more than interested. She grew red in the face, and her blood boiled, and as soon as the meal was finished and the girl had gone on deck escorted by the two other captains, she drew herself up before her liege lord with folded arms and demanded:

"Josiah Barnes of Providence, what did I tell you?"

"I dunno," he absently replied.

"Don't lie to me, sir! I told you that redheaded girl was an impudent minx, and my words have come true. She even made eyes at you across the table."

"I—I didn't see 'em if she did."

"You saw 'em and almost blushed. Josiah Barnes, that girl has got to stop or she'll get a piece of my mind that will make her red hair curl. I won't stand by and see no such chit make fools of three or four men who ought to know better."

The captain's advice was for her to go slow, and he was glad to get on deck and out of reach of her tongue. That was the beginning of things. That night the redheaded girl walked the deck with a captain on each side of her.

The next day the "minx" got a piece of Mrs. Barnes' mind. It was a liberal piece and ought to have brought her to her knees, but it didn't. On the contrary, after she got fairly started the redheaded girl got off three words to the other's one and read her a long and severe lecture on minding her own business. In this lecture were included a few observations on false teeth and gray hairs, and when the battle was over it was the motherly Mrs. Barnes who didn't know where she was at. She tried to get even by calling her husband into the cabin and telling him what was what and that she'd take good care to see that everybody in Providence heard of it, but his reply was:

"It's all nonsense in your sayin' that I've fallen in love with that girl, but I'm tellin' you that redheaded women are just the nicest things out, and I don't care who hears me say so."

Inside of four days the redheaded girl was flirting with everything and everybody clear down to the cook, and of course jealousy crept in. The three captains hurled sarcastic remarks at each other, and the mate and carpenter had a glare in their eyes and a feeling of revenge in their breasts. Mrs. Barnes tried again and again to stem the tide, but in vain, and at length she took refuge in tears and predictions.

The Daisy sailed on and on, and the flirtations went on and on, and as the brig crept up the coast Mrs. Barnes "felt it in her bones" that Boston would never be reached. The redheaded girl had brought disorganization from cabin to bowsprit and almost taken command.

"You just wait, Josiah Barnes, you just wait for Cape Cod," the captain's wife grimly repeated a dozen times a day, and Cape Cod was finally reached.

Then a gale sprang up, the big brig lost her foremast, and, though the redheaded girl sought her stateroom and the crew was left free to battle with the storm, the craft was driven ashore and became a total wreck. Crew and passengers were saved, and in due time Captain Barnes appeared at the office of the owners in Boston to tell how it all happened. He was listened to until he had finished, and then the head of the firm handed him a letter that had been received the day before. It was from Martha, and it read:

I want to report that the Daisy is ashore on Cape Cod and a total wreck, and I want to report that a redheaded gal and a lot of fool men are the cause of it.

Write Notes to Themselves.

"Actors are great hands to write 'mash' notes to themselves," said a stage manager. "The leading young men, you see—the heroes that marry the beautiful girls—are supposed to attract to the theater myriads of young women. They draw big pay on this account; their friends talk seriously of the powerful, almost hypnotic, influences that they exert on romantic females. This power is the stock in trade of the actor who travels on his beauty instead of on his art, and he must always have tangible proof of it. So if the young women don't come up each mail with a bunch of authentic mash notes, he sees to it anyway that he gets mash notes all right. He times them so that they reach the theater during rehearsal. The manager every afternoon brings them to him—a half dozen pink and blue and cream envelopes, smelling of violet and orris. He takes them with a guffaw, reads them, passes them around. Every one pretends to be amused at their silly contents, but the minute the actor's back is turned the murmur passes back and forth: 'They're fakes. He wrote them himself. He spends two hours a day writing himself mash notes.' To tell the truth, this actor gets a number of authentic mash notes, but nobody believes it. It is thought that every note is a fake."—Washington Post.

"Barber, Barber, Shave a Pig."

In pig killing there is no more exciting moment than that of removing the bristles from the carcass. With such haste does the operation sometimes have to be accomplished that in a certain country family it was begun one day with a pair of fine brass candlesticks before the usual utensils could be found.

When Salmon P. Chase was at Kenyon college, which was then presided over by his uncle, Bishop Philander Chase, he encountered a similar difficulty and cut the knot with unhesitating decision. The bishop and most of the elders went away one morning, and young Salmon was ordered to kill and dress a pig while they were gone. He found no great trouble in catching and slaughtering a fat young porker, and he had the tub of hot water all ready for scalding.

This process should have loosened the bristles, but either the water was too hot or the pig was kept soaking too long; at any rate, when the boy began scraping the bristles not one of them could be started. In pig killing phrase, they were "set." What could he do?

Then he bethought him of his cousin's razors, a fine new pair, just suited to the use of their owner, a spruce young clergyman. He pilfered them and shaved the pig from toe to snout.—Youth's Companion.

A Bold Holdup.

Within my time in Texas (and I am not such an old man either) two stage coaches containing about twenty-three passengers were stopped and all the valuables of the passengers taken by one man. The robber made them all stand in a row and "hand over." The route was only traveled by one coach, but on account of the large number of passengers an additional coach was put on that day. The robber stopped the first coach and made the passengers get out. When the passengers in the first coach were lined up the second coach made its appearance. He made them get out and then told them he didn't expect two coaches. That was nerve. A Jew insisted on retaining enough of his money to get his dinner. The robber took all and then gave him back 50 cents, and the Jew got into an argument with him as to the amount being sufficient to get a meal. That was cheek. The robber went off with all the money of the twenty-three passengers, and yet there were many brave men in that caravan, but discretion was the better part of valor. The robber had two pistols out and ready. A shot from one of the twenty-three would have caused the robber to shoot, and several would have been killed. That's the only way they looked at it.—Forest and Stream.

Pulse Beats.

The rate of the pulse in males at different ages is as follows: At birth, 130 beats per minute; at 5 years, 83 beats per minute; between 10-15 years, 78 beats per minute; between 15-20 years, 60.5 beats per minute; between 20-25 years, 69.7 beats per minute; between 25-30 years, 71 beats per minute; between 30-50 years, 70 beats per minute.

In females the rate is from 1 to 4.5 beats faster per minute.

Slow walking raises the pulse from 10 to 20 beats, while rapid running may raise it to 140. This rise may last from half an hour to an hour.

Eating raises the pulse from 8 to 20 beats; without wine, 13.1; with wine, 17.5. In the morning the pulse is 10 beats higher than at night. When the barometer rises 5 inches the pulse increases 1.5 per minute. If the pulse be 66.6 while lying down it will be 70 when sitting and 78.9 when standing.

Ancient Tribe In Panama.

In Panama reside the Talamaneans, a tribe of Indians ruled by a king who have not changed their habits since the days of Columbus. The Talamanean's hut, which is a masterpiece in the art of thatching, is a huge affair and shelters his entire family and all his worldly possessions, including the domestic animals. As he is a past master in the art of domesticating the wild deer, the peccary, the tapir and even the tiger cat, numbers of these animals are present in every village. His bed consists of the trunk of a certain species of palm cut into strips and supported three or four feet from the ground on a frame. A few earthen pots complete the furnishings of his house.

Balzac's Impecuniosity.

Of Balzac it is stated that whenever he was hard at work he went to roost "like the fowls," as he himself put it, at 7 in the evening. He was called at 1 in the morning and wrote till 8; then took another hour and a half of sleep; then after a light meal went to work again until 4 in the afternoon; then he took a bath, saw a few friends, took perhaps a short walk and immediately after dinner went off to bed.

"I shall be compelled," he wrote, "to lead this nigger's life for a few months without stopping in order not to be swamped by those terrible bills that are due." And yet he was always hard up for money.

The Composition of a Rocket.

The ordinary skyrocket is made of various compositions packed in tubes rolled tightly round a cylindrical core. The match by which the rocket is exploded is placed in a cavity at the bottom. The movement of the rocket would be irregular if it were not for the guide stick, which is made very light, so that it does not retard the flight of the rocket when the gases come out and hit the ground with all their might and send the rocket up into the air for all that it is worth.

Oddities About Alphabets.

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil they made great fun of the natives of that country because they had in their alphabet no f, r or l, a people, the invaders declared, without fe, ley or rey—without faith, law or king. The Mohawks, again, have no labials and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce p and b, "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"—Blackwood's Magazine.

Too Considerate.

Mistress (returning from holiday)—Why, Bridget, whatever has become of the parrot?

Bridget—Well, you see, mum, after you left it looked a bit pining like and didn't talk much, so the cook and I put it out of its misery, poor thing, and I had it stuffed for my new hat.—Judy.

Cynical.

"I think it's absurd to say kissing is dangerous," gushed Miss Rosebud. "What possible disease could be spread by kissing?"

"Marriage, madam," grunted Grumpy.

Sold Himself.

First Citizen (indignantly)—I am surprised that young Longhead would lend himself to any such scheme.

Second Citizen—Lend himself? Why, man, he was bought.—Judge.

When asked for an opinion remember that a compliment is really wanted.—Atchison Globe.

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VICTIMS OF A RECOIL

By Louise J. Strong

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"Wh-e-ew! This is the hottest day that ever broiled!" Mr. J. Sanborn, elderly, somewhat portly and very irascible, glared about, defying contradiction.

The old gentleman in front of him bristled aggressively.

Mr. Sanborn, with an eye out for offense, observed the bristling and reiterated dogmatically, "The very hottest day!"

"No such thing! There's been millions hotter!" The old gentleman flashed around like a pugnacious bulldog.

"The very hottest day!" Mr. Sanborn bawled stubbornly.

"Not even the hottest this season! On the 10th the thermometer registered 10 degrees higher," his opponent explained with aggravating exactness.

"Then the thermometer lied! All thermometers do!"

"My thermometer is exact! It's the best made."

"I don't care if it's the only one made, it lies if it says there's ever been a hotter day than today!" Mr. Sanborn mopped his face in exaggerated distress.

People were smiling at the absurd contention, and a girl across the aisle giggled. Both disputants looked at her, and with a gesture of authority the old gentleman ordered:

"Here, miss, you look cool and reasonable. Tell this lump of obstinacy that today is frigid beside the 10th."

"Oh, don't ask me to be umpire. I don't know anything about thermometers. I always go by my feelings," she cried.

"The only sensible way," Mr. Sanborn affirmed.

"The way of ninnies and numskulls!" stormed the old gentleman.

"Your station, sir," the conductor interrupted. The old gentleman bounced off, trailing his statements and assertions to the platform.

The train started. Mr. Sanborn stuck his head out the window and shouted, "The very hottest day!"

Then he settled back and laughed. The girl laughed, too, and slipped across into the old gentleman's place.

"I wound him up!" Mr. Sanborn explained with satisfaction.

"I expect he thinks it is pretty hot by now," she smiled, "but, really, you know, we have had hotter weather."

"Oh, yes," he assented unexpectedly. "I suppose I'm doing my own roasting."

"Fuming?" she intimated.

"Like a boiling kettle. Think I'd explode but for easing off on the old gentleman," he chuckled in memory of the exploit.

"You should take things easy in hot weather. It's the only way to keep cool," she remarked sagely.

"Take things easy! Look here, when you've had a blow that's knocked all your life plans helter skelter you don't feel either easy or cool."

"No; that's true. One might make new plans," she suggested.

"New plans!" he scoffed. "I don't know why I'm the one to make concessions. He owes all he is to me."

She looked polite inquiry, and he continued: "You see, it's my nephew. I've raised him and been a father to him—done well by him too—given him the best advantages money'll buy. And all I've asked of him is that he'll go ahead and be a credit to us."

He paused reminiscently.

"And hasn't he?" she asked. A glow lit his face.

"He has! He's been on top all the time, taken the honors everywhere, and he stands to pull off the biggest of all now."

"I should say that was satisfactory," she commented.

"Satisfactory! I'm chock full of pride! But I'm justified in being proud. He graduates from C—— university—no little college, mind you—with the honors of his class. Why, with my money behind him he might be anything he chose anywhere. And what does he do but deliberately kick over his own prospects. Here I've been planning all sorts of things for him when he gets through—travel, where and as long as he pleases; marriage with the best when he's ready for it, and the young jackanapes has gone and engaged himself to a milkmaid!"

"A milkmaid," she repeated faintly.

"Farmer's daughter," he said, "but they're all milkmaids. I suppose her dad raked up a little money and sent her to the university to take on some polish and take in some young idiot like Maurice. He's the star, and she couldn't do better, though she might find some with more money."

"Have you seen her?"

"No, nor want to either. I know how she looks: overgrown and coarse, with big red cheeks that he, the simpleton, calls 'roses of nature,'" he quoted contemptuously. "He can go to the farm with her and make a field hand for the old man, and I'll try to crawl out from the ruins. Jings, I wish I'd trained him in the business back there in Chicago!" He struck the seat excitedly and went on: "He kept it from me till his last letter. I've been boiling ever since—140 in the shade. I came pretty near not going to the graduating fandango, and I've looked to it for years."

"Then you are to be there tonight," she said.

"That's what I'm on the road for. He spoke of my coming a day or so earlier, but I don't want to see him till afterward. It might not be good for his nerves, and I naturally want him to do his best before the public."

"Naturally," she assented, adding: "I'm going there too. I have friends in the class."

"Why, that's all right," he exclaimed. "We're strangers, and we'd probably each be alone. Why not sit together?"

"Thank you, we will. It is kind of you to suggest it," she replied, hiding an amused smile.

By exchange of cards they introduced themselves and had become very good friends by the time they reached their destination.

"Shall I call for you?" he asked at parting.

"Oh, no, thank you. We will meet in the hall," she returned, with a flash of repressed merriment.

"Very good, young lady, but not quite so perfect as you suppose," he muttered, watching the slender figure flit away.

When in unaccustomed and uncomfortable evening dress he was conducted to his seat, he scarcely recognized her in the resplendent creature the center of an incense offering throng; but when he did he breathed an "ah, ha!" of satisfaction, adding, with a chuckle: "I see, I see! But I think the little joke will boomerang!"

She detached herself presently and made her way to him, murmuring an apology for omitting to mention that she had attended the university the previous year.

To his eager question she admitted that she had met Maurice. To his equally eager question concerning the milkmaid she hesitated uncertainly.

Which was not strange, seeing that Mr. Sanborn had no name for her, the young blockhead having alluded to her merely as "a farmer's daughter, the girl of my choice."

"I am sure that short, thick, homely girl is the one—the third from the end," Mr. Sanborn groaned.

"Oh, perhaps not," she comforted, subduing a smile.

"She's the one," he assented as positively and aggressively as he had proclaimed the state of the weather. The opening exercises prevented further discourse.

In spite of his heated resentment Mr. Sanborn swelled with pride at the overwhelming success of his nephew and joined in the applause that called him out again and again.

"He's pulled them off, as I told you he would," he boasted to the girl, who, with flushed cheeks and wet eyes, had burst her glove in expressing her approbation. "It would be glorious but for that beefy creature he's talking to," he added, choking indignantly.

Maurice got away from the congratulations at last and reached them, saying with outstretched hand, "Well, uncle, I hope you are satisfied with me."

"Um-m—yes, pretty well!" his uncle grunted, his eyes fixed significantly upon the thick, homely girl across the hall.

Seeing which, Maurice said, with a sly glance at the girl beside him:

"May I introduce you to my farmer's daughter, uncle? She's"—

Mr. Sanborn broke in, exclaiming: "Why, I know the man she's talking with; done business with him! I'll just introduce myself and have it out with her too!" he growled over his shoulder, slipping like an eel through the crowd.

"Good heavens!" Maurice cried aghast. "If he should say anything impertinent to Miss Millioness!"

"Oh, Maurice! And she the president's niece! He'll say anything! Stop him, stop him!" the girl wailed.

"Stop who—the thief?" a young man queried laughingly.

They trailed through the crowd in an agony of apprehension. There was no pleasantry in the situation for them.

Mr. Sanborn had arrived, shaken hands with the gentleman and was speaking to the young lady, who listened with serious attention.

"Look at her! There'll be an explosion soon! Oh, why did we undertake the silly trick?" Maurice's companion moaned in his ear.

His uncle beckoned urgently, preventing Maurice's reply.

"I suppose you know my nephew and his milkmaid, the farmer senator's daughter," Mr. Sanborn said to the gentleman as the reluctant couple approached.

Then he burst into a roar of laughter at the blank faces of the wilted young conspirators.

Family Discipline.

Dr. Tuckerman, classmate of William Ellery Channing, was one of Channing's few intimate friends through life. They were always extremely frank with one another and sometimes gave each other sharp answers. On at least one of the recorded occasions, says Mr. John W. Chadwick in his life of the great preacher, Dr. Channing came out ahead.

Dr. Tuckerman on one of his frequent visits inquired for Mrs. Channing and was informed that she had gone to Newport to open the house for the summer.

"Alone?" asked Dr. Tuckerman. Dr. Channing assented, and Dr. Tuckerman, responding, said:

"Do I understand you to say that Mrs. Channing has gone into the country alone to open the house for the summer?"

"That is what I said, Dr. Tuckerman."

"Well, Dr. Channing, you will permit me to say that I should not think of asking Mrs. Tuckerman to go to the country alone to open the house for the summer."

Then Dr. Channing laughed his small, dry laugh and rejoined:

"Very likely, Dr. Tuckerman, and if you should most probably she would not go."

Thereupon questions of large public interest were immediately taken up.

A Proverb That Failed.

A schoolmaster has concluded that it is not safe to teach proverbs to very young children.

"Now, boys, always remember," said he one day, "that the early bird catches the worm."

Next morning a small boy toed the line with a tear stained face.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, you said that it was the early bird that got the worm."

"Yes."

"Well, father thrashed me."

"What for, my boy?"

"Cos, sir, I let our canary out early this morning, and it's never come back with the worm."

WHAT "LAGNIAPPE" MEANS.

Bonus With Purchase an Old New Orleans Custom.

"Lagniappe" is a purely local institution, and the word itself is a localized one, signifying a bonus, generally in kind, given to a customer with each purchase, some trifling article added gratuitously to a purchase in the retail shops of the city or the public markets.

For the origin of the custom of giving "lagniappe" and the history of the word one must go back to the early colonial traditions of Louisiana. The old creole legend runs that when Louisiana was ceded to Spain the Spanish venders opened their shops in the French quarter side by side with the old French merchants. A great rivalry sprung up between them.

In the quarter lived an old Spanish gentleman who had a pet monkey. Whenever he went to make his purchases of groceries or provisions he took his monkey with him. Joco, as the monkey was called, was a great thief. While his master would be making his purchases he would quickly seize upon the nearest articles that suited his fancy, nuts, fruits, candy or the like, and eagerly devour them.

He was so quick and dextrous that he would have the article between his teeth before his master or the vender would be aware. Now, the colonial Spanish had a provincial word, "el niape," signifying one who is skillful or dextrous. Joco became so well known in the stores for his great dexterity in grasping whatever came in his reach that the Spanish, like the French, fond of giving nicknames, called him "El Niape."

Whenever the old Spaniard, who was very liberal in buying, would appear with his monkey, as he would conclude his purchases the merchants would hand him a stick of candy, a handful of nuts or the like, saying, "This is for El Niape." The little children, seeing the monkey got a bonus of candy, fruit, etc., thought they ought to have some, too, and would hold out their hands after every purchase for "el niape."

The custom grew, and as the two races, French and Spanish, amalgamated the creoles softened the old term "el niape" in the half French, half Spanish, "lagniappe," the term used today.

The pleasant institution of this petty gratuity was looked upon as such a gracious and kindly custom that it took firm root among the various nationalities that poured into New Orleans after the American occupation. Bold must be the vender who would refuse in New Orleans to give "lagniappe" to the little child who holds out its hand in confident expectation. In many shops it is used to encourage custom. To such an extent had this gone some years ago that a bill was introduced into the legislature to abolish "lagniappe."

There was such a hue and cry in favor of the old custom that the bill was postponed indefinitely. It was declared "lagniappe" was one of our own Louisiana institutions, peculiar to ourselves, a generous old time custom that in its open heartedness had nothing in common with the mercenary spirit of the age.

Other things might go, but "lagniappe" must stay. And so it did, a kindly relic of a day that is gone, a custom that often puzzles the stranger, but which has only to be explained to make him more than ever pleased with the warmth and the glow that come from the heart of this Franco-Spanish city in the bend of the crescent.—New Orleans Picayune.

Immortelles.

The manufacture of immortelle wreaths in Paris occupies at least 1,500 persons. The immortelles are gathered about the beginning of October and come chiefly from the arid hills in the middle and south of France. They are brought to the markets in their natural condition and the yellow blossoms are dyed, green, red and white and woven into wreaths by special workmen in readiness for All Saints' or All Souls' days, when all good Parisians visit their relatives' graves. On these "fetes des morts" the gates of the cemeteries are beset with crowds of dealers in immortelle wreaths, wire crosses and bead crowns. At Pere la Chaise alone more than 200,000 persons are calculated to visit the cemetery, and the sale of immortelle wreaths varies from 20,000 to 25,000.—Golden Penny.

Entitled to a Pardon.

An amusing story is told of Uncle Dick Oglesby, once governor of Illinois. He made a tour of inspection of the Joliet prison and came to a cell in which a hideously ugly man was confined. The man was so ill favored that the governor stopped to ask about him.

"What's he in for?" he asked.

"He forced a young woman to elope with him at the point of a pistol," the keeper replied.

"Well," said Oglesby, "I guess I'll pardon him."

"Pardon him!" protested the warden. "Why, governor, the proof against him is absolute."

"I know," said the governor, "but he couldn't get her to marry him in any other way."

Telegraphing In China.

Chinese cannot be telegraphed, and to meet this difficulty a cipher system has been invented by which messages in that language can be transmitted over the wires. The sender of the message has no need to trouble himself about the meaning and, in fact, may be telegraphing all day without the slightest idea of the information he is sending, for he transmits only numerals. It is very different, however, with the receiver of the message at the other end, as he must have a code dictionary and after each message is received must translate it, writing each literary character in the place of the numeral that stands for it.

Didn't See Them.

"How did your nephew's wedding pass off?"

"Just splendid."

"Were there any contretemps?"

"I don't think so. I didn't see any. You see, we had the church thoroughly cleaned up before the wedding took place."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE RINGS OF SATURN

THEY ARE COMPOSED OF BILLIONS OF LITTLE MOONS.

These Satellites Are So Numerous That, Far From Counting Them, We Cannot Even See Them Separately—One of Nature's Marvels.

The next to the largest world in our solar system possesses billions of moons. There can be no doubt that the number is literally billions. They are so numerous that, far from counting them, we cannot even see them separately. They are so crowded and at the same time so far away from us that their light is inextricably intermingled, and the vast multitude looks, even in a powerful telescope, like a frosted surface of silver.

These innumerable moons are collectively designated in astronomical text books as Saturn's rings. But the word "rings" is misleading, as is the appearance of the objects to which the word is applied. They are not solid, connected rings, although they look so. They are little moons, arranged in concrete circles. Individually they may be no larger than meteors. But there is no particular size that a moon must have before it is entitled to be called a moon. It is only necessary that it shall revolve regularly as a satellite around its master planet.

Our moon is comparatively a large body, large enough for a respectable planet if it were independent of the earth. Jupiter, and Saturn, too, for that matter, has moons still larger than ours. Mars, on the other hand, has only two very small moons. So size is no criterion of moonship.

The larger moons of Saturn revolve around it at a greater distance than that of the rings. The latter are relatively close to the planet, and in that fact we have a clew to their origin—that is to say, their nearness to the planet explains why they are so small and so numerous. It can be proved that our big moon would be broken into numberless fragments if it revolved within about 11,000 miles of the earth's surface. Then we, too, should have rings of little moons about us in place of the single large moon that travels alone its monthly round.

In Saturn's crowd of moons things happen that are characteristic of all crowds. They pull and haul one another, though perhaps always keeping at arm's length. They vacillate and lurch and waver to and fro. They collect into jams, though probably without much actual touching or clashing together, and the crowd grows thinner in some places, while thicker in others. Great waves of commotion run through this vast moon horde as through a flock of hurrying sheep.

And yet, upon the whole, they are an orderly assemblage. They never pause in their onward movement along their fixed path about Saturn. The vagaries of individuals do not affect the general forward movement any more than the dropping out and in of stragglers or the staggering of unsteady marchers stays the advance of an army. It is the steady, onward sweep of a great company, governed by a single compelling principle of action. In many respects it is the strangest thing in the whole visible universe. Nobody would ever have dreamed of the existence of such a thing if telescopes had not revealed it.

Narrow, empty spaces divide this curious host into three or four separate legions.

Inasmuch as these billions of little bodies are not separately visible from the earth, the question may naturally be asked: "How do you know that they exist? How can you tell that the rings of Saturn are not solid?"

There are two ways in which we know and can tell. In the first place, the law of gravitation assures us that solid rings could not exist in such a situation. I have mentioned before what would happen to the earth's moon if it came near enough to our globe to feel the effects of the gigantic tidal forces to which a close approach would subject it. Mathematical calculation has proved that Saturn's rings could not even be liquid bodies without being broken up into numberless separate particles.

In the second place, the spectroscope has shown that the rings travel around Saturn with a speed that gradually increases from their outer to their inner edges. How the spectroscope is able to give us this information is one of the most surprising stories in astronomy, but it would take too much space to tell it now. All that we need to say here is that the spectroscope shows unmistakably that the rings of Saturn move in such a way as only a multitude of separate, independent bodies, traveling side by side in the same direction, could move. The nearer they are to Saturn the faster they go, and accordingly if one could stand on the surface of Saturn and look up at the circles of moons over his head he would see the nearer ones racing past their next outer neighbors and those in turn outstripping their more distant companions, and so on to the outermost limits of the wonderful system.

Truly, the heavens are more full of novelties than the brain of a dreamer.—Garrett P. Serviss in Detroit Free Press.

Gossip and Work Combined.

In the Philippines the natives do their own washing in a way peculiar to the country. Once a week the women gather at the riversides with the week's wash, and while they pound the clothes with a flat wooden club on a stone they discuss every question of the day, from politics to village gossip.

This is one of the events of the week that lighten the labors of the Filipino housewife, wherein she combines profitable work with pleasure. Unlike the women of most other countries, the one subject they do not discuss is dress.

Their Haste.

"Their marriage was a hasty affair, I understand."

"Yes, indeed. They told the minister to hurry, as they had engaged a cab man by the hour."—Judge.

Custom may lead a man into many errors, but it justifies none.—Fielding.

MEETING AN AUTHOR.

Robert Barr's Visit to His Friend Captain Mayne Reid.

Robert Barr, the author, told with glee how Captain Mayne Reid, who was a friend of his, came to London and sent his address to Barr. The latter started to call on Reid. He did not know the street and, asking a bus man if his vehicle passed such and such a street, was assured that it did. In due course he came upon the street. In his letter Mayne Reid said he had taken a corner house in this street and added that he had a delightful garden and a high wall. "When I got down from the bus," says Mr. Barr, "I found that the corner house had a high wall and doubtless behind it a delightful garden, which answered perfectly the description which Captain Mayne Reid had given me.

"I said to a policeman, because I wanted to be sure, 'Could you tell me where Mr. Reid lives?' And he answered, 'Do you mean Mr. Reid, the author?' And I replied, 'Yes.' So the policeman pointed to the premises I had already selected as the residence of my friend. Therefore I went through the gate without fear and rang the bell at the residence, which stood some distance back in the garden. I was admitted and asked if Mr. Reid was at home. I was told that he was and was shown into a room on the left hand side of the passage. Waiting there some time, an old, slippered man came in, whom I did not recognize.

"'Do you wish to see me?' he asked. I rose from my chair and replied, 'I have called to see Captain Mayne Reid.' 'I beg your pardon,' he said very frigidly; 'I am Charles Reade,' with which he turned his back upon me and left me there alone. That was the only time I had the pleasure of meeting one of England's greatest authors. Captain Mayne Reid had taken a corner house in a street of the same name in Maida Vale, some miles from where Mr. Charles Reade resided during his last days."

A fool may live with cultivated people all his life and never learn anything.—Atchison Globe.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed I will expose at public sale in the Court House in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being thirty-eight (38) acres off the east end of a larger tract of land conveyed to J. N. Hayes by J. G. Duke and wife by deed dated July 1st, 1889. Subject to all the conditions, exceptions and reservations contained in the said Deed, reference being had thereto as to the oil right and the right to operate for oil thereon. Said lands being bounded on the north by lands of H. S. Baker and Clark and Baker; on the east by lands by L. Beckwith; on the south by lands formerly of R. I. Taylor, and on the west by lands of J. N. Hayes, being the same lands conveyed by J. N. Hayes and wife to David Harper by deed dated July 9th, 1889, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1889, in Deed Book Vol. 50, page 378, &c., and the same land conveyed to Francis George Hoper by David Harper and wife by deed dated January 3rd, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 101 at page 187, &c., and by said Francis George Harper and wife conveyed to John Griffith by deed dated April 18th, 1899, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol. No. 105, page 72, &c., and being same this day conveyed by said John Griffith and wife to Charles H. Phillips by deed dated October 22nd, 1901, to be forthwith recorded.

Mostly improved and having thereon one and a half story frame dwelling house and two frame barns.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles H. Phillips, deft., and Milton Spaulding, T. T., at the suit of John Griffith.

W. E. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain parcel or tract of land situated in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post at the western corner of Park and Jefferson streets; thence southerly along Jefferson street one hundred feet; thence west forty (40) feet; thence northerly parallel to Jefferson street one hundred (100) feet to Park St.; thence east along Park street forty feet to place of beginning. Containing four thousand (4000) square feet more or less, being the same land conveyed by Augustus W. Newell and wife to the said Letitia Knox by deed dated November 6, 1899, recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of said County of McKean in Deed Book Volume 59 at page 488.

Improved and having thereon one two story and attic frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Letitia Knox and O. A. Knox at the suit of Emilu Castan.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of land of Arthur Young, No. 91; thence west 22 perches to the road; thence north 47 degrees west 66 perches, north 65 degrees west 99 perches to a post corner in the east line of land of David G. Rogers, No. 181; thence north 57.8 perches to a post corner; thence east 180 perches to a post corner; thence south 148.8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 100 acres and being lot No. 172 of Keating & Co. allotment of lands in said township and part of Warrant No. 2167.

About 75 acres improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one large frame barn, a good orchard and well watered.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William Gill at the suit of Byron D. Hamlin.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, to-wit: Lot known as the north part of Lot No. 189, Whitney & Wheeler's addition to Bradford City as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton, 1877 & 1878, having forty-one (41) feet front on west side of Water street, and running back to the Tunungwant creek.

Improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house, one two and a half story frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Also—A lot of land situate in the Sixth Ward of Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the point where the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company intersects the line of the east side of land of O. D. Longfellow (formerly Patterson lot); thence following said east line in a northeasterly course until said east line meets the west bounds of land of C. O. Melvin; thence by a line due north far enough so that said line will strike the lands of the Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company, about one hundred and sixty-three feet; thence by land of said Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company in a southerly direction two hundred and forty-two feet to the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company; thence by said north line of said north line of said right of way west one hundred and eighty feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. L. Goodman and Abe Goodman at the suit of The Commissioners of McKean County, now for use of the County of McKean.

Mullin & Mullin; T. F. Mullin, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

CHAS. F. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1904.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys

Gorton & Richmond

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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